

COMMENT OF
THE DAY

Radio Hongkong

NEXT week the public can expect Government to release a report on the future of broadcasting in Hongkong—a subject that lends itself to interesting debate.

What Government should, or should not do, about Radio Hongkong (European and Chinese sections) has been intermittently discussed for several years past. Many suggestions have been made. For example, that the station should be commercialised, thus providing much needed revenue for improved programmes; that Government should farm out the station; that more fully trained personnel should be employed to organise and run the programmes; that "something be done" to pep up the programmes, and so on.

For the most part the views expressed represented individual tastes, preferences and dislikes, but the sum total helped to convince Government that a thorough survey should be made of the Colony's broadcasting, and the result of those deliberations will be received with considerable interest.

For a Colony of its importance, and because of its geographical position, few will disagree with the proposition that Radio Hongkong is inadequate. Few, too, will contest the assertion that this has to no small extent been due to Government laissez-faire. Moreover, until less than two years ago, Radio Hongkong lacked departmental autonomy. Additionally it has always been regarded as a "Cinderella" by the Treasury.

This combination of factors has duly contributed to the "suppression" of Radio Hongkong as an entertainment medium for the public, and the station has accordingly suffered in reputation.

We are in no position to anticipate the report on the future of Radio Hongkong, though it will be surprising if any dramatic recommendations are made. One necessity does stand out clearly—stronger transmitters. Parts of the Colony are still "blackened out" for reception because of the weakness of the station's signal. Another "must," it is suggested, is a little more generosity on the part of the Treasury. Too long has Radio Hongkong been tied to a budgetary shoe-string.

DULLES REPORTS ON US FOREIGN POLICY

Mixed Reception By Senators CALL FOR REVISION OF EMPHASIS

Washington, Jan. 6.

Mr John Foster Dulles, the Secretary of State, today held a full-scale review of United States foreign policy in the light of the Soviet Union's smiling diplomacy with the powerful Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

Mr Dulles, according to Republican committeemen, took a generally favourable view of the world situation, especially the economic progress made by most nations in the past year.

But the Secretary's views were immediately attacked by Senator Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota, a senior member of the Democratic Party, who said that Mr Dulles in his report to the committee had glossed over serious weaknesses in the Western alliance in Europe and the Middle East and in the Southeast Asian defence grouping.

Senator William Knowland of California, Republican leader in the Senate, said that today's meeting was to be one of a series of "informal comprehensive reviews of foreign policy."

This was Mr Dulles' first appearance before the Senate group since the 84th Congress reconvened this year.

Senator George Aiken (Republican, Vermont) said that Mr Dulles placed the most emphasis on Western European and Soviet affairs in his statement to the committee.

Senator Aiken said: "He didn't seem too discouraged by the election position in France, and pointed out that the French parliament functions differently from ours with regard to legislative action."

"He was not surprised by the new Russian tactics of smiling diplomacy, and after hearing him I take a philosophical view."

Senator Homer Capehart (Republican, Indiana) said: "Mr Dulles seems to feel that the world economic situation is now 'fair' to excellent around the globe, with moderate to good economic progress in nearly every country."

In his critical comment, Senator Humphrey said: "I think the Secretary's report to us was far more optimistic than the facts bear out. I am personally not too encouraged and I feel that the administration spokesmen are glossing over the difficulties facing us abroad."

Senator Humphrey said that the United States should not regard money as its foreign policy, but rather should revise

emphasis of its policy to meet Soviet probing in trouble spots around the world.

He said that he felt the Soviet Union was using economic assistance and subversion to exploit political weaknesses in the world and that the United States should change emphasis away from military considerations in meeting the challenge.

ONLY ON PAPER

"Britain, France and Turkey, the chief pillars of our alliance in Europe and the Middle East, all have their problems. I feel that the SEATO and MEATO (Middle East Treaty Alliance) are primarily on paper and are not yet existing in fact. I certainly want to know about it and think we could take a good report on the status of these two organisations."

"I think there has been a failure on the part of the administration to estimate the seriousness of the new Soviet tactics of political and economic infiltration."

Neither Mr Dulles nor Senator Walter George of Georgia, the Democratic chairman of the foreign relations committee would comment on any aspect of their review.—Reuter.

Political Truce Called In France

Paris, Jan. 6.

The French President, M. Rene Coty, tonight called a political truce by rejecting a Socialist proposal for an immediate meeting of the newly-elected National Assembly.

The President decided that there was no reason to shorten the interval, provided by the Constitution, between election day and the reopening of Parliament. The National Assembly will therefore meet as scheduled on January 19.

Warring politicians will now have a fortnight in which to "cool off" after the bitter election campaign. Many of the party leaders will be on holiday, including Pierre Mendes-France, leader of the Republican Front, Edgar Faure, the outgoing Premier, and Guy Mollet, Secretary-General of the Socialist Party.

BIG QUESTION

The big issue at stake before the reopening of Parliament is: Will Pierre Mendes-France climb down and join forces with his bitter political rival, Edgar Faure, to make possible a government of the centre.

At present there is no indication that the Republican Front, led by Mendes-France and Guy Mollet, will come to terms with the coalition led by Faure and outgoing Foreign Minister, Antoine Pinay.

On the contrary, the Republican Front is making a bid to lead the next government. Socialist leader Guy Mollet yesterday said "No, thanks" to Faure's proposal that the two rival centre formations should join forces.

The Republican Front programme of action is to be submitted for approval to an extraordinary session of the Socialist Party Congress on January 14 and 15, and to the Radical Socialist Party Executive Committee on January 16.—France-Press.

Travel Ban On Cloak And Dagger Boys

Washington, Jan. 6.

The Army has forbidden officers and enlisted men with certain secret information to travel in Soviet bloc countries and other sensitive areas, it was disclosed today.

The new regulation restricts travel of officers and enlisted men "who have knowledge of current value about special intelligence information and/or activities."

The forbidden areas are: Russia, "and Soviet-bloc countries," Yugoslavia, Finland, Berlin, Moscow, Quemoy, Matsu, Laos, Cambodia, and South Vietnam, except for the Saigon urban area.

The regulation said that the persons concerned cannot

travel "on either a duty or non-duty status through or over any country or area specified."

Such persons, the Army said, will not be allowed to go closer to the front lines than division headquarters in event of war.

The regulation said the period during which persons are barred from assignment or travel in the forbidden areas will be determined "by the extent of critical and sensitive intelligence the individual has amassed during the period he has had access to this type of information."

—United Press.

China Mail Feature Highlights

Here are some of the feature highlights in today's China Mail:

P. 5: The limousine wonder, by John Murdoch.

P. 6: The nylon stocking killer, the first in our new series, Seven murderers and walking free, by Valentine Dyal.

P. 7: Befton Delmer's prediction for 1956.

P. 8: Our new series begins: All in a doctor's day, by Cedric Carne.

P. 10 & 11: A picture survey of Hongkong in 1955.

P. 13: The question before the whole world, by Sir Beverley Baxter.

P. 16 & 17: Local and overseas sports review.

Grace May Be Crowned Princess

Monte Carlo, Jan. 6.

Film star Grace Kelly may be ceremonially crowned as "Her most serene highness Princess Grace of Monte Carlo" after she marries Prince Rainier, ruler of the casino Republic.

But the wedding itself might be "just a quiet little ceremony." Court officials in the tiny Mediterranean principality said today that they had no idea when and where the prince would marry Miss Kelly.

Some quarters close to the court believed that Rainier himself would want a quiet wedding. They thought he would propose that the ceremony be held in the presence of close relatives and a few intimate friends in the small chapel.

ATTEND BALL

The lovely actress fiancée of Prince Rainier went with him this evening to a spectacular charity "Imperial Ball" at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel in New York.

The prince promised more than a year ago to be guest of honour at the ball and more than 1,000 people paid \$35 (12 guineas) each to attend.

A royal box decked with the prince's personal pennant and the flag of his tiny state had been built, from which the betrothed couple could be seen by the brilliant crowd.

BACK TO HOLLYWOOD

The event followed a cocktail party which they gave in Miss Kelly's luxurious Fifth Avenue flat, overlooking the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Tomorrow Miss Kelly flies back to Hollywood to begin the first of two films to be completed before the wedding.

Prince Rainier is staying in New York until Sunday when he goes to Wilmington, Delaware, and thence to Florida for some time before joining Miss Kelly in Hollywood.—Reuter.

UNREST IN CHILE

Santiago, Jan. 6.

Well-informed sources said here this afternoon that more than 50 people, including a number of journalists, had been arrested since the Chilean Government ordered a state of martial law throughout the country earlier today.

The government move followed a nationwide general strike threat for January 9 by the powerful Chilean Workers' Union. The strike was to protest against wage and price freezing legislation, adopted by the government yesterday.

Meanwhile, 500 Chilean sailors arrived in Santiago to stand by essential public services, and take over if necessary. Armed forces based here, who were at first stood to alert, were later ordered to remain in barracks.

Meanwhile the government this afternoon called a special session of Congress to deal with the stabilisation bills.—France-Press.

Hooliganism Problem In Russia

Moscow, Jan. 6.

Izvestia, the Soviet Government newspaper, today called for a "relentless crusade" against hooliganism.

The seriousness of the problem, which is already widely reflected in newspaper reports from Moscow and provincial cities, was shown by the fact that Izvestia devoted a front-page editorial to the subject.

It said the young Communist League was forming brigades to counter the hooligans.

"Though it is a bitter pill to swallow, we must confess that the disgusting hooligan type is familiar to many," the paper said. "There can be no soft-hearted leniency whatever towards all this scum, we cannot allow criminal elements to influence our young workers, peasants and students. The hooligan is a dangerous enemy of Soviet society."

Izvestia and two other leading newspapers, Pravda and Trud, today reported serious crimes. Pravda reported 20-year jail sentences on five Russians who stole "tons of thousands" of pounds worth of paint and other materials. Izvestia reported a death sentence for a double murder with robbery and Trud told of a six-year sentence for bribery.—China Mail Special.

Death Of A Notable Mother

Quebec, Jan. 6.

Mrs Arthur Roy, seven of whose sons entered the priesthood of the Roman Catholic Church and four of whose daughters became nuns, died today at her home here, she was 90.

Two of her sons became bishops, Monsignor Epide Roy, former Apostolic Vicar in Japan, and Monsignor Marie Antoine Roy, First Bishop of Edmundston, New Brunswick.

Her husband died 26 years ago. She had 16 children altogether.—China Mail Special.

REDS ATTEMPT TO PENETRATE US NEWSPAPERS CHARGE

Washington, Jan. 6.

Two Senators investigating Communism today said they have uncovered a "significant effort" by the Party "to penetrate leading American newspapers."

Sens. James O. Eastland and William E. Jenner made the statement as the Senate internal subcommittee closed out three days of public hearings by questioning another group of New York newsmen.

Today's witnesses, all either past or present employees of the New York Times, included several who refused to answer some questions about Communism and others who admitted being Party members in the past.

In their joint statement, Eastland, chairman of the subcommittee, and Jenner expressed confidence that "the American press will prove fully competent to deal with the problem in its own, American way."

Of the 16 witnesses heard by the subcommittee this week, 14 were past or present Times employees. The newspaper has charged in an editorial that it has been "singled out" for attack because of its criticism of views held by the subcommittee members.

Eastland, however, denied this and asserted that he was not investigating newspapers as such. He said the group is tracing its leads on Communism wherever they go.

"The hearings have disclosed many things," Eastland said, "including a significant effort on the part of the Communists to penetrate leading American newspapers."

The chairman had told a reporter yesterday the inquiry had found no Communist effort to influence the content of a recognised metropolitan newspaper.

WITNESSES PROTEST

The Eastland-Jenner statement said the subcommittee sought to avoid any step which could fairly be interpreted as an effort to exercise pressure and that an effort was being made to uncover the activities of the witnesses merely because they involved media of information.

Some of today's witnesses strongly protested the subcommittee's inquiry into their political beliefs, claiming it bridged both freedom of the press and speech. Eastland, however, overruled the objections and threatened those who did not claim the Fifth Amendment with contempt of Congress.

There were these developments:

1. Allen Whitman, now a copy-reader on the Times, testified he once belonged to a Communist cell at the New York Herald Tribune. He made the statement with reluctance and refused to name his associates.

2. Robert Shannon, who said he was a copy editor, refused in the face of a contempt threat to tell whether he is a Com-

munist. He challenged the subcommittee's authority to ask such questions.

3. Nathan Aleskovsky, who said he was an assistant book review editor for the Times until discharged recently, testified he is not a Communist now but declined to say whether he had been one in the past.

4. Dr Benjamin Fine, education editor of the Times, testified he was a Communist for about one year in 1935-36 but has had nothing to do with the Party since. He said he dropped out three months before he went to work for the Times.

5. Jack Shaffer, who said he was fired as a Times copy-reader after receiving a subcommittee subpoena, invoked the Fifth Amendment and refused to say if he is a Communist.

6. Matilda Landman, a typotype operator on the Times, refused to say whether she is a Communist. She also invoked the Fifth Amendment to a long series of other questions. She heatedly denied having been trained for sabotage.—United Press.

Ship Reaches Destination

London, Jan. 6.

The 12,800-ton Soviet ship Ob, flagship of the Russian Antarctic expedition, has successfully navigated the Davis Sea and reached its destination, Moscow radio said today.

The radio said the ice was thick enough to permit the unloading of jet aeroplanes, tractors, and other equipment. Later a group of Soviet scientists reconnoitred the mainland to a depth of about 12 miles.

The scientists are making a detailed search for a suitable place to establish an Antarctic station and an observatory, it added.—Reuter.

Revolt Leaflets

Athens, Jan. 6.

Leaflets calling on Slav-Macedonians in Greece to revolt against the Greek Government have been discovered in several towns in Greek Macedonia, it was disclosed today.—France-Press.

High Octane
gasoline
needs
ICA

ONLY SHELL
HAS BOTH



The most powerful gasoline you can buy



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✓ CONSTITUTION & SUPER CONSTITUTION COMFORT
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AIR-INDIA

BACARDI
Carta Blanca
RUM



"DAIQUIRI"
1 measure Bacardi Carta Blanca Rum, juice of 1/2 lime and 1 teaspoon powdered sugar. Shake with cracked ice and strain into a cocktail glass.

Imported by
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KING'S PRINCESS

TO-DAY ONLY

THE GUTS, THE GLORY, THE HEART AND HUMAN STORY
OF THE MEN WHO WENT...TO HELL
AND BACK

CINEMASCOPE

TECHNICOLOR

THE EXCITING TRUE LIFE STORY OF AUDIE MURPHY AMERICA'S MOST
DECORATED HERO!

MARSHALL THOMPSON - CHARLES DRAKE - GREGG PALMER - JACK KELLY

A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

The Managements of King's & Princess inform their patrons that the current release engagement of "TO HELL AND BACK" has to be withdrawn owing to commitments and ask them to watch for the return engagement in the near future.

★ TO-MORROW ★

WOODEN DEEDS

KING'S 5 Shows AT 11.30 a.m., 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 p.m.
PRINCESS 4 Shows AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

THE FLAMING DESTRUCTION OF TROY
FROM THE WOODEN HORSE!

MARC ALLGRET presents

HEDY LAMARR - HELEN OF TROY



CO-STARRING ROBERT BEATTY MASSIMO SERATO

PRINCESS EXTRA SHOWS
TO-MORROW

At 11.00 a.m.

A Variety Programme of
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
by Paramount & Universal-International

Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

At 12.10 p.m.

Wadia Bros. present A Great Indian Production
in Gorgeous GEVACOLOR in part

"VEER RAJPUTANI"

Starring Shakila — Manhar Desai — Meenaxi
Directed by J. B. H. Wadia — Music by Rani

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NOW PLAYING

AT 2.30, 5.00, 7.20 & 9.40 P.M.



SUNDAY MORNING MATINEE: REDUCED ADMISSION

Hoover at 12.00 "SMALL TOWN GIRL" Jane Powell Farley Granger
Liberty at 12.30 "TANZAN AND HIS MATE" Johnny Weissmuller Maureen O'Sullivan

FILMS

BY JANE ROBERTS

The New Films At A Glance
SHOWING

HOOVER and LIBERTY: "Love Me Or Leave Me". A musical based on the life of a popular jazz singer of the 'twenties — Ruth Etting. Doris Day, James Cagney and Cameron Mitchell.

KING'S and PRINCESS: "To Hell and Back". Audie Murphy re-enacts some of his war-time exploits on the screen.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "Not As A Stranger". A man's burning ambition to become a good doctor almost consumes his private life. Robert Mitchum, Olivia de Havilland, Frank Sinatra and Gloria Grahame.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Sincerely Yours". The pianist Liberace's introduction to the screen as a star. With Dorothy Malone and Joanne Dru.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "The Girl in the Red Velvet Swing". This is based on a notorious American scandal of the early 1900s. Joan Collins, Ray Milland and Farley Granger.

COMING

HOOVER and LIBERTY: "The Scarlet Coat". Intrigue pivoting round the plan of General Benedict Arnold to deliver the American forces into the hands of the British during the American Revolution. Cornel Wilde, Michael Wilding and George Sanders.

KING'S and PRINCESS: "The Face That Launched A Thousand Ships". The story of Helen of Troy is told to a wedding party. Hedy Lamarr, Robert Beatty and Cathy O'Donnell.

"To Catch A Thief". A light hearted crime story set against the opulent background of the French Riviera. Grace Kelly and Cary Grant.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "Top of the World". Well photographed film about a weather station in the Arctic, with plenty of footage showing aircraft in flight. Dale Robertson, Frank Lovejoy and Evelyn Keyes.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "The View From Pompey's Head". Romantic drama involving the colour prejudice still in existence in the Southern states of U.S.A. Richard Egan, Cameron Mitchell and Dana Wynter.

"Good Morning, Miss Dove". A middle-aged school-mistress looks back over her mistakes and triumphs. Jennifer Jones and Robert Stack.

Although a lot of publicity was given to the "new" Doris Day who was going to shake us in "Love Me Or Leave Me", I did not find her so very different from the often sunny, sometimes stormy Nice American Girl of her previous movies.

True, the storms were more evident than the sunshine this time, but the temperature usually associated with each remained constant.

Her songs are put over with her usual verve and some do possess a certain poignancy. But Miss Day's portrayal of a girl bound by the ties of gratitude and ambition to a man she outgrows in sensitivity and ability does not go deep enough to bring the character of Ruth Etting to life.

It is James Cagney who really steals the picture. He is raw, self-confident, aggressive and thoroughly likable. He is, however, very attached to Doris Day, and although he shows it in a particularly belligerent way when he is with her, the audience is allowed to see his off-stage feelings, as it were, — feelings as deep as a rough diamond of his type can rise (or descend) to. This attachment is his saving grace.

Some Pleasant

Song Hits

The familiar show business story of the young singer in a third-rate dance hall who climbs slowly to the top is made much more interesting by the introduction of this odd personality into it. Hers is talent, but his is the brain that knows how to exploit it. Not for nothing has he become avoided by the respectable and courted by the other racketeers of Chicago. For this is the tale of a star who waxed and waned in the roaring Nineteen Twenties when rowdiness, riotous entertainment and jittery excitement took the place of mere enjoyment.

I can't believe that Ruth Etting was as sweet and unspoiled as Doris Day makes her. Had she been, the crudity of her self appointed manager, and later husband, would surely have sickened her long before it did. I would like to have seen Ruth Etting played as the hard-headed, ambitious, string-pulling, attention-getting personality she undoubtedly must have been, rather than as the nice little misunderstood thing that Doris Day has shown us.

She finally leaves James Cagney for a rather weak and watery pianist, played without enthusiasm by Cameron Mitchell. Temperamentally this does nobody much good as Cagney shoots his replacement and goes to gaol, Mitchell hovers between life and death, and Doris Day, in addition to being worried sick about her boy friend, has to endure the jeers of Cagney when she self-righteously goes to see him in prison.

All in all though, I enjoyed the human side of this musical, and the songs — "I'll never stop loving you" and the title tune — are deservedly becoming popular hits.

Hedy Lamarr
Plays 'Helen'

"The face that launched a thousand ships", as every schoolchild will tell you, was Helen of Troy.

Politics in the days of the Trojan War were as complicated then as they are now, and women, although as politically ill-informed as they are today, were still capable of putting a spanner in the works.

Helen's abduction by Paris, son of the King of Troy, made the excuse for an attack on Troy by Greece — she has therefore often been credited with being a prime mover in a piece of history in which she was merely a pawn.

However, with Hedy Lamarr as Helen and Robert Beatty as Menelaus — her lawful husband — history need not be pitted, for they, with Massimo Serato, as Paris, make a handsome trio of whom the Greeks and Trojans might be proud.

The ancient story, is ingeniously introduced: a young man at a Roman wedding party is to give a prize to the most beautiful woman present.

The original Paris having given the apple of discord to Venus, who had promised him Helen if he would select her in preference to Juno and Minerva, an old professor counsels caution and tells the old story as an awful warning. To praise one woman another can bring about the most disastrous consequences!

Comic Opera Ends

In Tragedy

There's not a trace of vulgarity in "Nana". Martine Carol's dresses may leave you in breathless admiration of her power to keep inside them, her lines such as "If I became the mistress of every man who asked me I would spend the rest of my life in bed" may leave you gasping, and her blatant greed for money make you unsympathetic to her obvious charms; but she is so open, unaffected, and brazenly calculating, that the constant references to the main piece of furni-

ture in the bedroom can offend no more than a child's mischievous chanting of a naughty word.

What Emile Zola would have thought of his Nana, as portrayed by this healthy, practical young boyden is another matter, and one that need not concern us.

As the elderly courtier who forsakes his lifelong goal of honesty for her sake, Charles Boyer is excellent. He conveys quickly and effectively the impression that he knows he is infatuated by a worthless adventuress, but that there is nothing he can do about it. In an era where it was unfashionable not to have a mistress or a lover, he has managed to stay unsullied until Nana comes along. In the picture, his fall is immediate and complete.

The sub-titles are inadequate for a proper understanding of the slides and innuendoes, but sufficient for the non-French speaking picture-goer to understand what is going on. Probably this is as well, for overlong sub-titles, if you can speak no word of the players' language, are apt to distract.

Liked Nana's maid, played by Marguerite Flory. As a sourceful as her mistress, with a face as ugly as a wizened apple, she expects her percentage here, her commission there, until at last, with no animosity on either side, she is able to set up a "house" of her own, leaving her mistress, as she thinks, on the crest of the wave.

This comic opera of a picture ends paradoxically in tragedy. It has the effect of a death's mask at a Mardi Gras. It made me leave the cinema emphatically disinclined to discuss the picture with anybody until the deliciously startling impression had worn off.

Melodrama Based

On Fact

"The Girl in the red velvet swing" is a melodrama based on a famous American scandal of the 1900s.

The authenticity of the main facts is vouched for by the central personality involved in the events — a lovely Gibson Girl called Evelyn Nesbit Thaw. She is now 70 and apparently quite

unperturbed by her questionable behaviour for not only did she give permission for the film to be made — she was present throughout its making to supply advice on any points of dispute.

Chosen to play Evelyn was British Joan Collins and while her voice is too high pitched for pleasant listening, her beauty is as apparent as was the original Gibson Girl. The part has been liberally whitewashed, but enough of the willful waywardness of the earlier chorus girl shines through to make one admire Evelyn Nesbit Thaw for allowing so much of her private life to be made public.

She was a chorus girl when she first met the famous architect, Stanford White, and immediately fell under the spell of his suave, mature charm. Happily married, but with a roving eye, Ray Milland makes White a sort of philanderer against his will. In a French film he would have been a sentimental but practical roue, but as this is an American picture, he appears to be eternally struggling with a troublesome conscience.

The port Evelyn, radiating innocence coupled with womanly guile (almost made to measure for Joan Collins, this) — is temptation with a capital "T" to the worldly, socially prominent White, and soon a merry little white hot affair starts between them.

Spoiled Brat In The
Background

In the background is the spoiled brat played by Farley Granger. Moody, impetuous, and with far more money than he knows how to handle, Granger decides that Evelyn will be his, in spite of her lack of interest in him.

To fan the flame there is also personal enmity between the younger and older man because of the subtle difference in their social status. Granger could be classed as nouveau riche — the son of a millionaire steel king — while Milland's antecedents have won him a place in society that he could hold even if he were much less wealthy than he is.

The three central characters having been established, the tragedy begins. One of them is to die, one is to end in an insane asylum and one thrown roughly out of "society" takes refuge in exploiting the publicity the scandal has stirred up. This picture has been photographed in rather harsh colouring, and the unreal atmosphere of the setting, authentic though it may be, has given it a fairy tale aura, quite divorced from the happenings of everyday life. In spite of its occasional stiltedness, it has the essence of entertainment though, in that it holds the attention throughout.

Watch out for a sensitive performance from Glenda Farrell as Joan Collins' wise and weary mother.

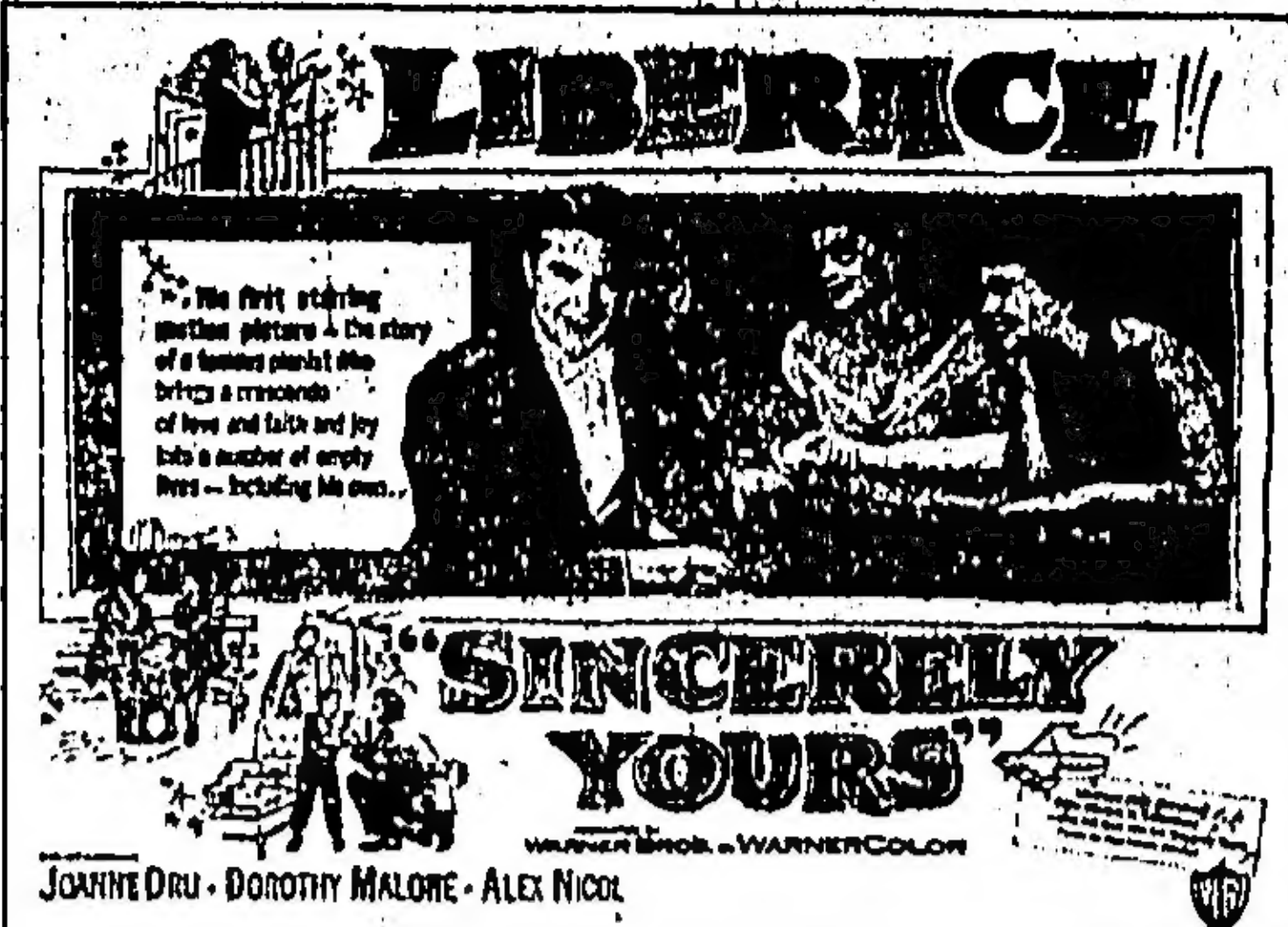
MAJESTIC
TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30
9.30 P.M.

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SHOW AT 12.30 P.M.
Reduced Prices
"CREATURE FROM THE
BLACK LAGOON"

SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30
& 9.30 P.M.

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

SHOWING TO-DAY

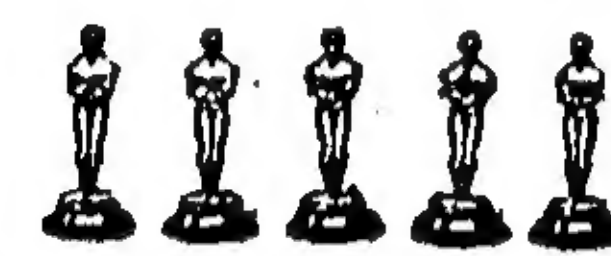
QUEEN'S
5 SHOWS

"Sincerely Yours"

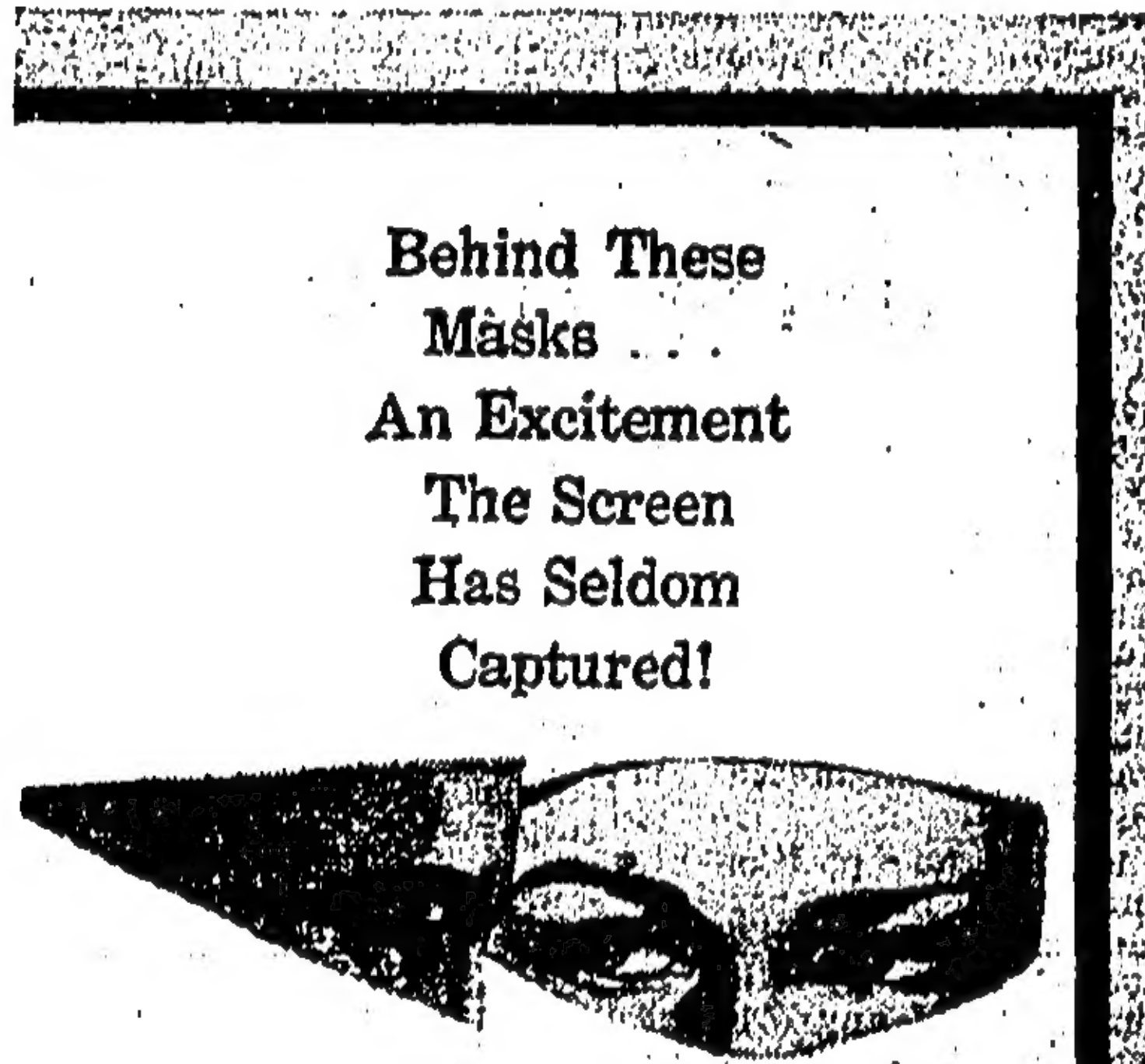
AT 11.30 A.M.

NEW YORK GREAT WORLD

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Academy Award Winner
Stanley Kramer's motion
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... now Al's words
came back to him —
"This isn't the
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you marry!"

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND - ROBERT MITCHUM - FRANK SINATRA
GLORIA GRAHAM - BRODERICK CRAWFORD - CHARLES BICKFORD
With BETTE MIDGLEY - LEE QUAIN - JESS WHITE - Written for the screen by Edna and Robert
Based on the novel by MORTON THOMPSON - Story by Robert L. Richards and EDITH ARISTO
Produced and Directed by STANLEY KRAMER

SUNDAY MATINEE AT 12.30 P.M.

NEW YORK: United Artists Color Cartoons.
GREAT WORLD: 3 Stodges Comedy & Cartoons

CAPITOL CITY 2

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30
& 9.30 P.M.
LI-LI KWA

"BLOOD WILL
TELL"

In EASTMAN Color

海菜紅
Sunday Matinee Show
At 12.30 p.m.
End Film In
10 MIN.

SHOWING TO-DAY
At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.





LT-GEN. W. H. Stratton, who last week assumed command of British Forces, Hongkong, inspecting a guard of honour from 24 Field Engineer Regiment on arrival at Flagstaff House. (Staff Photographer)



AFTER the presentation by Mrs. A. H. Penn of the Stewards' Cup, won by Night People at Happy Valley on Monday. From left: Mrs. Penn, Mr. Kenny Kwok, the jockey, Mrs. Lee Fook-pui, Mr. Gerald Lee, the owner, and Miss B. Lim. (Staff Photographer)



NEW Year's Eve revelry at Shatin Heights. A large sum was collected during the evening for the relief of distressed people in the New Territories. (Staff Photographer)



LADY Grantham testing her skill at tossing the penny at the Kowloon Cricket Club on New Year's Day, when she gave away prizes at the children's sports. Left: At the KCC dance on New Year's Eve. (Staff Photographer)

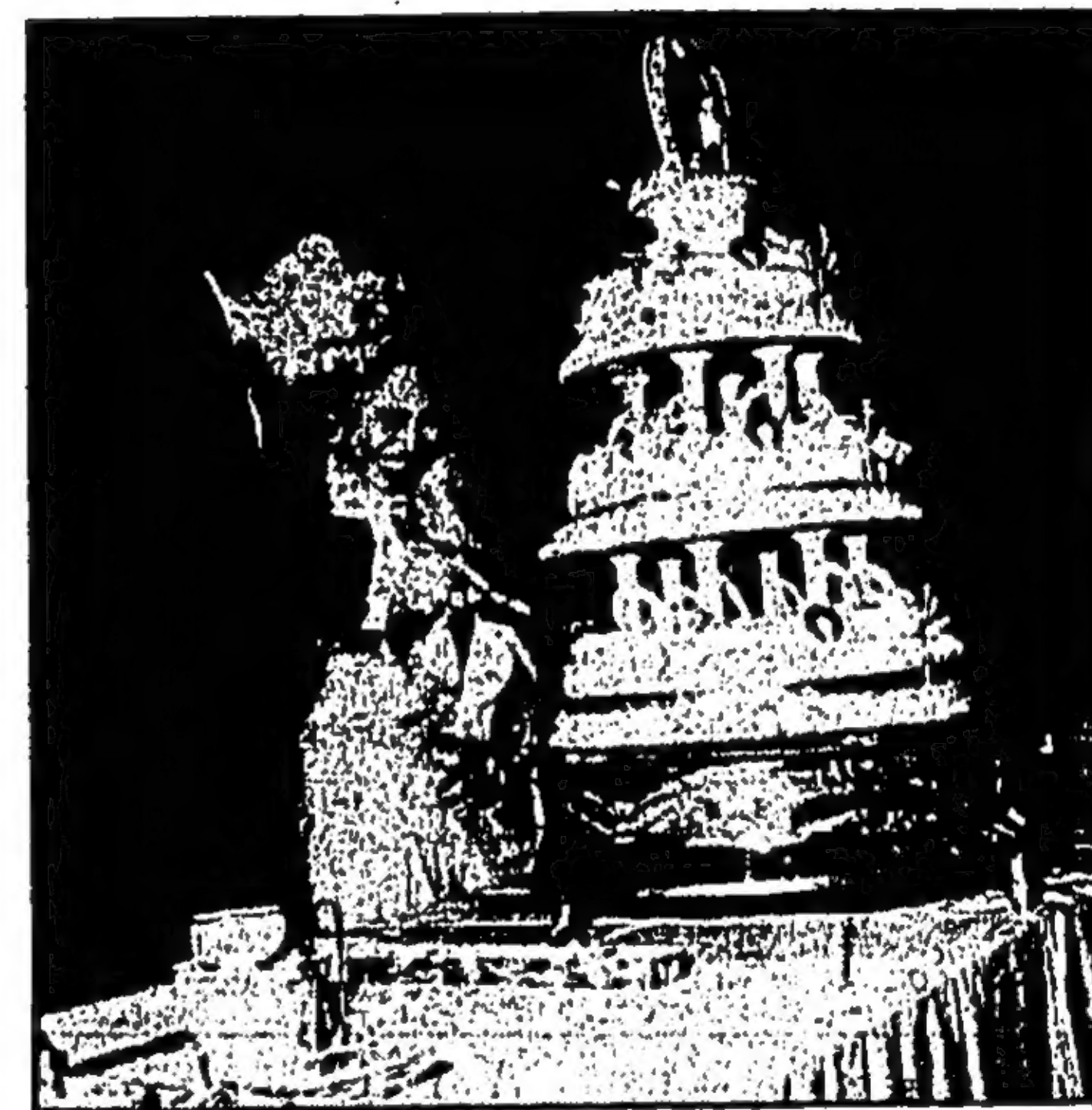


LEFT: Wedding at St. Teresa's Church of Mr Raul Carmo de Souza and Miss Sylvia Eleonora de Carvalho. (Staff Photographer)

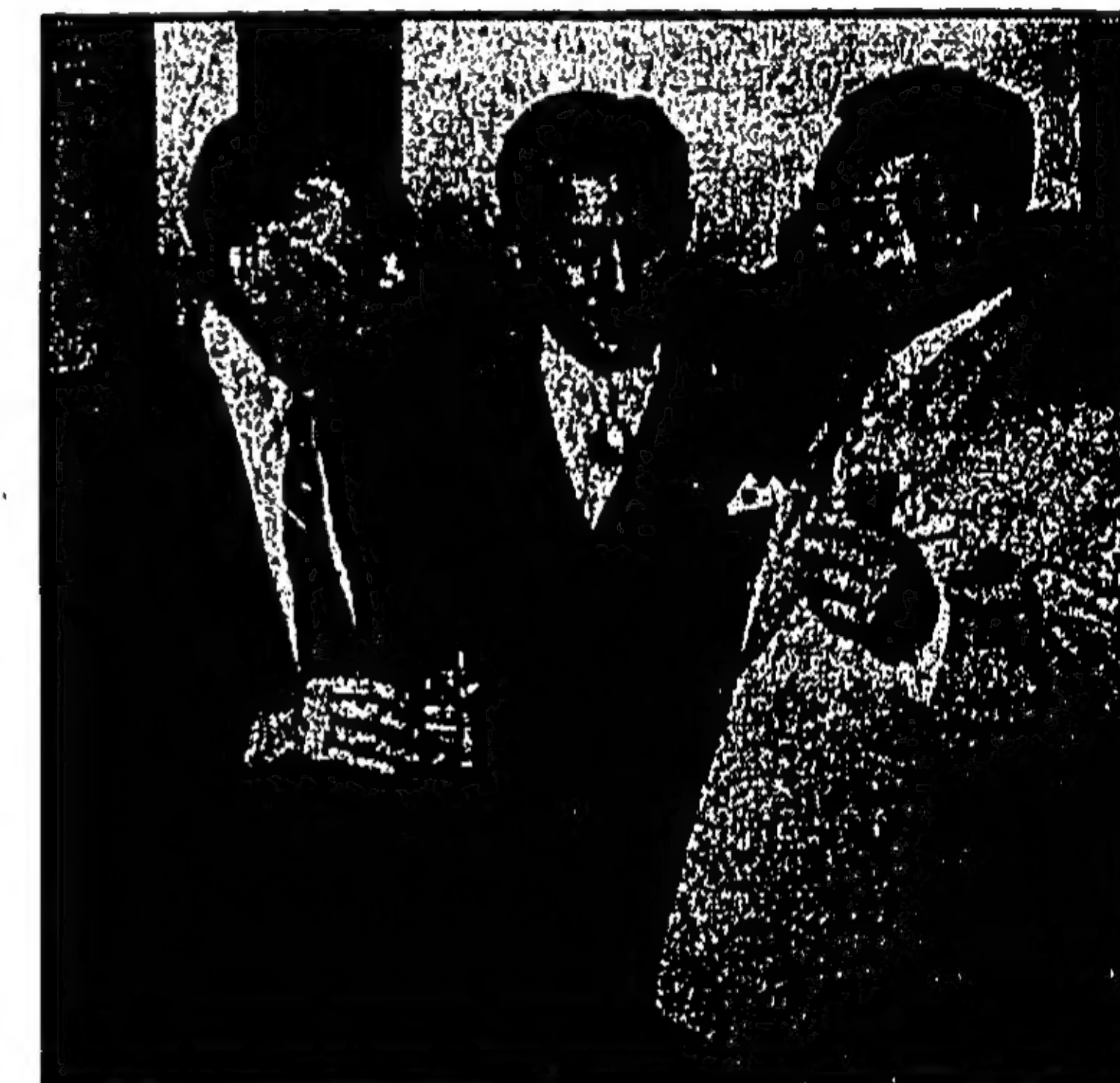
RIGHT: Singapore Education Minister, Mr. Chow Swee-keo, met on his arrival here on Sunday by Hongkong's Director of Education, the Hon. D. J. S. Crozier. Mr. Swao will spend a fortnight here studying educational methods. (Staff Photographer)



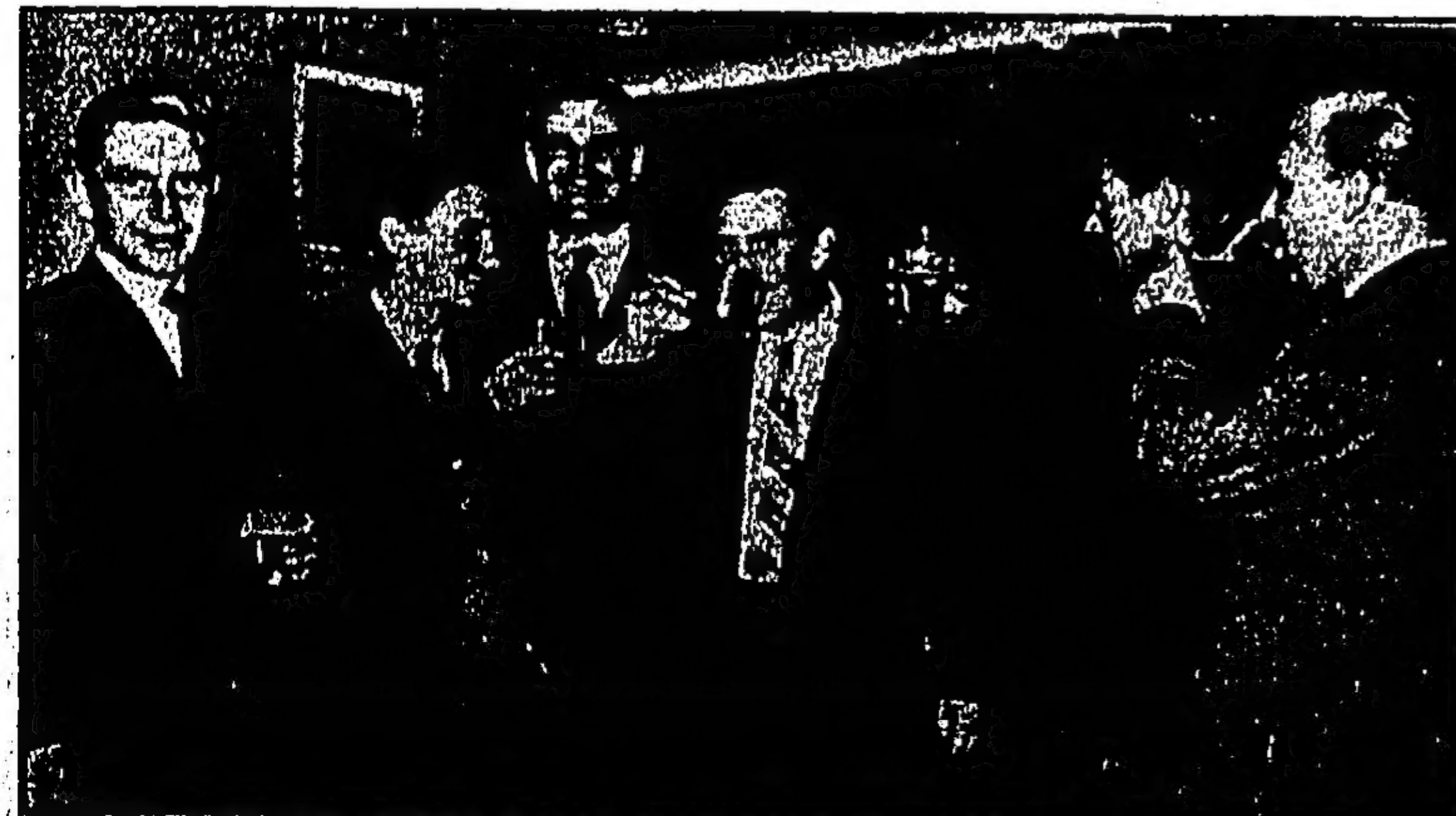
BELOW: One of the musical numbers from the revue presented by HMS Newfoundland at the China Fleet Club Theatre last night. The show was bright and moved at a quick pace. (Staff Photographer)



MR Edward Yang helping his bride, the former Miss Katherine Ng, to cut the cake at the reception following their wedding last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)



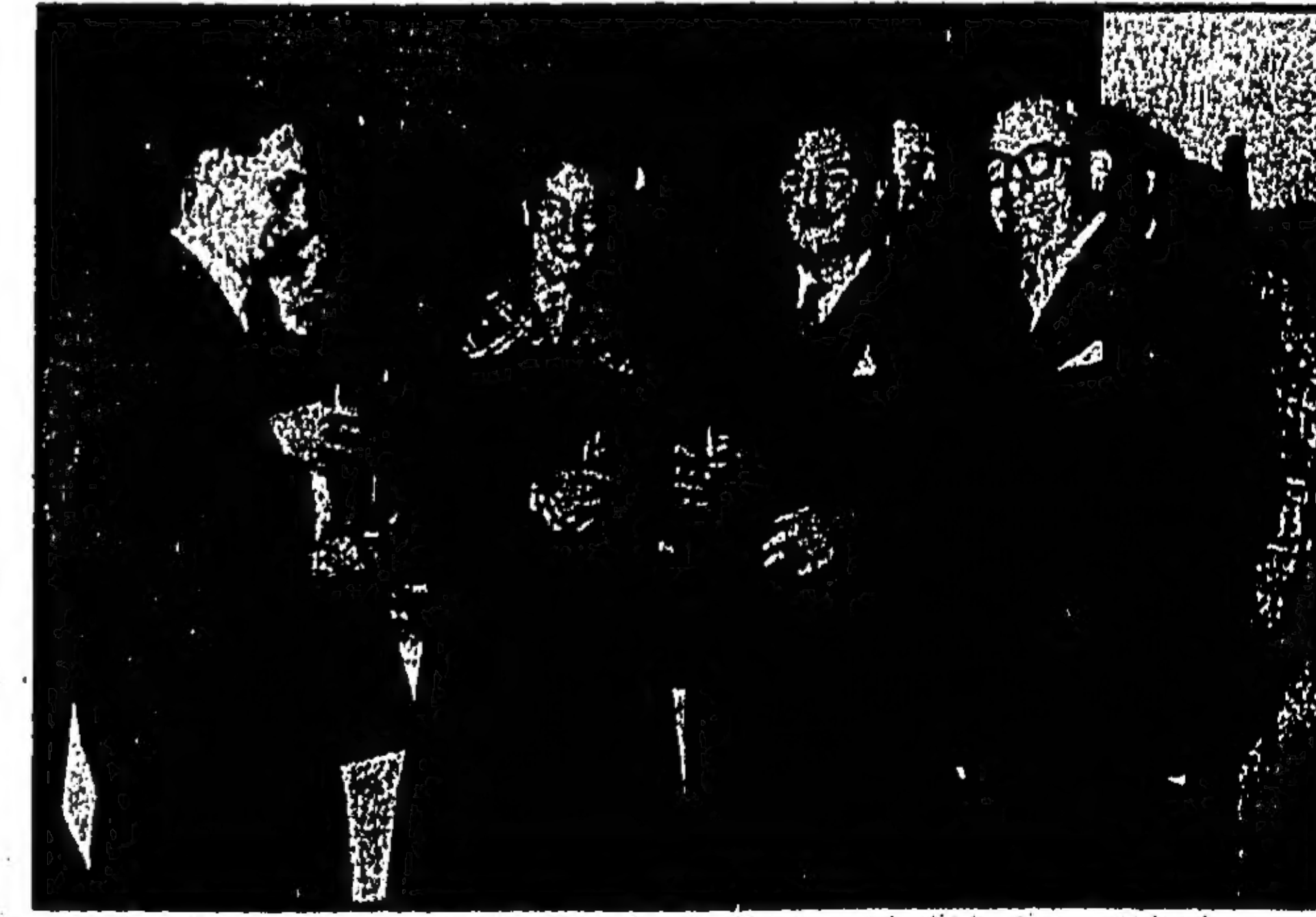
DR V. N. Atienza, Mr. Pelayo F. Llamas, Consul for the Philippines, and Mr. Leon T. Garcia at the Rizal Day reception at the Filipino Club. (Staff Photographer)



AMONG those present at the farewell party given at the Air Force Club by the Hongkong Auxiliary Air Force for Flight-Lieutenant G. C. Cairns and Flight-Sergeant K. Busby. Left to right: G. C. Cairns, N. W. A. Marsh, K. Busby, R. P. Smith and J. L. L. Laven. (Willie's)



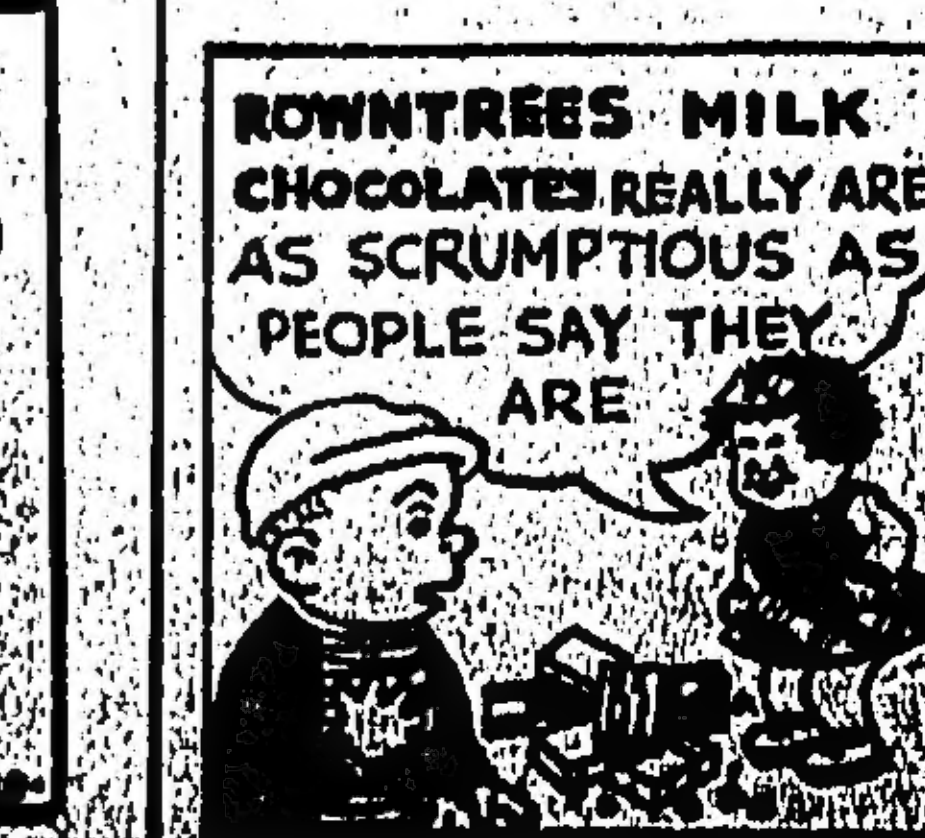
AT the party given by Mr. Mario E. Guillen, Consul-General for Panama, at his residence on New Year's Eve on the occasion of his birthday. From left: Mr. Juan Ripetta, Argentine Consul, Mr. Perez, Dominican Minister to Taipei, Mr. and Mrs. Guillen, Mrs. Ripetta and Mrs. Nayberg. (Success Studio)



THE staff of Cable and Wireless, Ltd., gave a farewell party last week to their Far East Divisional Manager, Mr. F. S. Coote, on the eve of his retirement after 44 years with the organisation. Mr. Coote is seen on extreme right, and on his right in order are Mr. J. W. H. Rutter, Mrs. J. Bainton, Mrs. Downe and Mr. R. Downe. (Staff Photographer)

NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



THE MORNING AFTER THE DOCTORS' AND NURSES' PARTY



THE LIMBLESS WONDER

He was a reckless huntsman, artist, yachtsman.... He shot tigers.... He rode a horse from Sweden to India... He became a Member of Parliament

..... ONE OF THE WORLD'S STRANGEST STORIES.....

By JOHN MURDOCH

THERE was no rejoicing when a third son was born to Lady Harriet Margaret Le Poer Trench, second wife of Thomas Kavanagh, M.P., descendant of the Kings of Leinster, at the ancestral home of Borris, County Carlow, on March 25, 1831.

Yet the young couple had been counting the days until the baby's arrival. They were socially, of the elite. They were proud landed gentry owning vast estates in Southern Ireland. For more than eight centuries the MacMurrough Kavanaghs had played a dominant role in Irish history. It was Dermot MacMurrough who invited Strongbow and the Normans to Ireland.

When the infant son arrived at Borris House his nurse reported to have said: "Ah the poor little thing, God will take him and it will be all for the best."

Not fulfilled

BUT this prophecy was, fortunately, not fulfilled. And Arthur MacMurrough Kavanagh was spared to live one of the most astonishing lives of any man in the 19th century. He did this with a courage and determination that has probably never been equalled.

He was born without limbs. Yet he lived 58 highly eventful and tempestuous years. He became a genius at improvisation and developed a brilliant intellect. And, although where his arms should have been he had only two little stumps a few inches long, and no legs at all, he certainly had no inferiority complex.

He was proud of his physical achievements, of a sensitive nature and had a highly adventurous spirit. The only sad thing about him, they say, was his deep blue eyes. Arthur MacMurrough Kavanagh had broad shoulders and a broad intellect. Through his indomitable courage and prodigious efforts he did things better than most people blessed with sound limbs. Through hard practice, for instance, he taught himself to write "a good hand" by gripping a pen with his teeth.

horseman. And he became the most daring and daring rider in the Irish midland counties, rarely missing a meeting of any of the local hunts. By pressing forward his broad shoulders Kavanagh was able to grip the reins with his two arm stumps. He was strapped on to his horse's back in a kind of saddle chair.

Once, when he was riding alone in a deer park near Borris, Kavanagh's horse bolted while the limbless rider clung to the reins in the frightened beast. When his strength had almost given out, he set the horse at a seemingly impossible obstacle—a tall brick wall surrounding the Borris estate. As he did so the saddle girth slipped and he was thrown off on to his head. He was found by a member of his family some hours later, lying unconscious on the ground.

He trained himself to be a good shot. Using a gun without a trigger guard, he held the

weapon beneath his left arm stump and managed to press the trigger with the other. He became a good angler, fishing from a boat or from horseback. He once went deep-sea fishing in the Arctic Circle. He became a competent draughtsman and painter and a fearless yachtsman.

Almost Drowned

WHEN only 15 years old, and as part of his private education, he set out on a formidable tour of parts of Africa and the Middle East. He must have been one of the most-travelled Irishmen of his generation. He covered vast distances in his chair on a horse's back, or carried by servants.

While traveling in the Middle East he was almost drowned in the Nile. All the other members of his party were below in their cabins; he sat on the deck. The boat rolled suddenly and Arthur was thrown into the water between it and another boat



Arthur MacMurrough Kavanagh lived one of the most astonishing lives of the 19th century.

alongside. He was in danger of being crushed to death, quite apart from drowning. None of his party knew what had happened, but an Arab in the river bank was watching, dived in and succeeded in reaching the drowning man and getting him back aboard the boat.

Arthur, unconscious and believed dead, was eventually revived by artificial respiration. Kavanagh had been home only for a few months before he started out on an even more ambitious trip with his eldest brother Thomas and his tutor, the Reverend David Wood, from Sweden to India on horseback, travelling through Finland, Russia, down the Volga, over to the Caspian Sea into Persia, across the Persian Gulf and eventually to Bombay.

During this three years' wandering he suffered all kinds of hardship and illness. He experienced bitter winter weather, semi-starvation, intense desert heat and infection that would have broken stronger constitutions than his.

In October, 1849, the party reached Teheran without incident. At the end of November they went out hunting with Malichus Mirza, a Persian Prince, who was the son of Fath-Ali Shah. Kavanagh was recovering from a mild illness and they celebrated by dining with the Prince. He recorded in his diary: "Champagne flowed like water."

The following day he was left behind with a fever while the others went on to Tiflis. His recovery was slow. On New Year's Day, 1850, he got up too soon and the following morning was taken unconscious to the Prince's house.

He opened his eyes to find himself ensconced, with every luxury, in the Prince's harem. He was nursed by an old, black slave who became quite devoted to him. He spent his convalescence in the ladies' apartments.

His Wedding

ON January 15 he set out again on his journey. Crossing "Old Woman's Pass," the highest in Persia, his horse stumbled twice—and the mule ahead, carrying the cannon equipment in two great boxes, struck a protruding rock and disappeared over the side of the precipice to crash hundreds of feet below.

They waited Nineveh, Bagdad, finally taking ship for Bombay, where they arrived on January 5, 1851. Kavanagh there took up tiger shooting—this time strapped into the howdah on an elephant's back.

In December his brother Tom was taken ill with consumption, so he and the tutor started for Australia and a more temperate climate. But Tom died in Java.

With only 30 shillings left Arthur Kavanagh took a job at Aurangabad with the survey department of the Poona District under the East India Company, carrying urgent dispatches on horseback. His salary was £400 per annum.

After a year he was recalled to Ireland. His elder brother Charles had died and Arthur succeeded to the estates. On March 15, 1855, he married his cousin, Frances Mary Leathley. It was a very quiet wedding in Dublin, at the home of his aunt. They had four sons and three daughters.

His first task was to replan and rebuild the village of Borris. He opened a branch railway line between the village and nearby Ballyraggot. Anne Boleyn's girlhood home.

Lost His Seat

IN 1866 he was returned as Member of Parliament for County Wexford with a majority of 759 votes. In the General Election two years later he was returned unopposed, with his kinsman, Mr. Bruen, for County Carlow. He made his maiden speech in the House of Commons the following April from the Opposition benches during the second reading of the Poor Law (Ireland) Amendment Bill.

In 1880 he was appointed Lord Lieutenant of County Carlow, but in the same year lost his seat in the House. It is on record that he was the only Member of Parliament who ever voted in the House without getting up from his seat and going into the division lobby with the other Members.

He died after nearly three years of illness on Christmas Day, 1889, and was buried in the little ruined church on Ballyraggot.

But the name lives on. One of his descendants is Colonel Sir Dermot MacMurrough Kavanagh, a Crown Querry in the Royal Household.

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THE LONE PRINCESSES OF DOLPHIN SQUARE

By ANTONY TERRY

Langenburg, W. Germany.

TWO excited Princesses, for whom their uncle, the Duke of Edinburgh, has furnished a flat in Dolphin Square (luxury block of apartments on the Thames Embankment) talked to me about their plans for living alone in London.

And if charm and appearance are anything to go by, 19-year-old Princess Beatrix of Hohenlohe-Langenburg and her cousin, 22-year-old Princess Christine of Hesse, will be the most popular girls in London with Mayfair's eligible bachelors.

But before they leave, the girls are to be given a final warning from Princess Beatrix's father, Kaiser Wilhelm, who is to be the last to see them before they go to London.

War II by the Nazis after the attempt on Hitler's life. "Father and mother are just a wee bit old-fashioned," Princess Beatrix told me in an exclusive interview. "They are anxious we should avoid publicity while in Britain."

"They do not think the visit to London of two young girls should interest anyone, either here or in London."

"We shall take their advice and try and attract as little attention as possible. After all, we're going to work, not just to have fun. Both of us want to perfect our English."

In London they will live unchaperoned in the flat. The furnishings are from Windsor Castle. The Duke of Edinburgh personally supervised their installation in the flat.

has told me so many wonderful things of the good times we are going to have there.

"I am going to work hard in London and I mean to learn a profession which people do not usually associate with girls—the restoration of valuable old paintings."

"I have been studying this subject in Munich for the past year and I'm hoping to learn a lot in London."

Princess Beatrix told me: "I was at Windsor for a year, to finish school in 1954. I learnt dressmaking while I was there, and this time I mean to take up fashion designing seriously."



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HERE'S AN ANSWER FOR B & K

By JENNIFER JOHNS

Washington Bulganin, Krushchev Ltd. may think (and they apparently think plenty) about the horrors of life in these United States, figures just given me by Commissioner Joseph M. Swing of the U.S. Immigration and Naturalisation Service tell a remarkably different story.

Intrigued by the number of instances of immigrants applying for American citizenship I rang Mr Swing and asked him if he could tell me more. Mr Swing not only could but, in an understandable wave of enthusiasm, did.

It appears that, at this very moment, more than 120,000 immigrants are preparing for American naturalisation by attending citizenship classes in more than 3,000 schools throughout the country. These schools or classes are organised and run by the equivalent of your local councils in every State throughout the country.

Home Study

THE function of the Immigration and Naturalisation Service is as far as the schools are concerned, merely to furnish the names of new immigrants and potential candidates for naturalisation. These names and addresses are given to the local authority which, in turn, send out invitations to the immigrants giving them a generous welcome to any citizenship classes they might care to attend.

Realising that many immigrants either live in districts remote from any organised schools or are unable to attend classes because of illness or home responsibilities, 44 States provide facilities for home study.

Bearing Bulganin, Krushchev, etc. in mind I asked Mr Swing what they studied and his answer was clear - cut enough for anyone:

"They study to gain a general knowledge of United States history and of the organisation and principal functions of the American Government. They must acquaint themselves with the more important principles of the Constitution including, of course, the concepts of freedom and equality, the protection of

the individual by the due process of law—and the recognition of the people as the ultimate source of government."

Studying the above an average hundred thousand immigrants a year seem to like the idea.

Happy Brides

HOW happy are the GI brides these days? The answer is—according to statistics given me by the Red Cross and English Speaking Union here—very happy indeed. So much so that all but a few score of the 150,000 brides who arrived here—mostly from Britain—in the wake of the war, have now become absorbed in the American way of life that they even think American.

The comment of one English war bride on Long Island is, in fact, typical: "I'm so busy bringing up a family and so busy living in the community that I've almost forgotten how it all started!"

True there have been the headaches and heartaches and the bitter disillusionment. Even in these instances, however, broken marriages have, more often than not, resulted in war bride staying on in America.

All of the above by way of introducing the fact that, even as 150,000 war brides have filtered into the American way of life, still more peace brides are settling foot on these shores for the first time. In the last five years more than 10,000 American GIs have married Japanese girls in Japan and—believe it or not—more than 3,000 British girls are marrying American air-men stationed in Britain every year. If the pace goes on as it seems like doing I shall begin to think that an English husband is something that any girl will travel 3,000 miles to get away from. I wonder!

New Chemical

GOOD news in the battle against tuberculosis. A chemical which may prevent this disease in persons who are "tuberculin positive" is being tested here by the United States Public Health Service.

Translated, "tuberculin positive" means any patient whose skin becomes inflamed in response to a tiny dose of killing tuberculosis bacilli, thus showing that the patient either has active tuberculosis or has recovered from a TB infection. The aim of the new chemical, called INH (isonicotinic acid hydrazide) is quite simply to prevent the dangerous spread of the disease in a patient.

According to the US Department of Public Health's chief TB research doctor, only a small dose of INH (a pill the size of an aspirin tablet) once a week will be sufficient to give protection to the group of people most likely to contract TB—namely, the "tuberculin positives."

Voice Energy

LAST week I was privileged to be in at the birth of one of the most remarkable developments of radio for many years. Briefly, I was introduced to a small radio transmitter powered not by batteries or electricity in any other external source but merely by the voice of the person talking into it.

A unique system converts the vibrations of the voice into electricity. Until now experts have doubted if energy from the natural sound waves of the human voice could ever be used to power such a transmitter. They based their pessimism on the fact that it would take a million people speaking at once to create enough energy to light a single 100-watt bulb.

The voice transmitter gets round this problem, however, by a process of magnification. Already the voice radio can transmit messages more than 600 feet with the operator speaking in normal tones. Which, I am told, is only a beginning. The main thing being that the idea works.

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POCKET CARTOON

by OSBERT LANCASTER



"My dear Willy, you must realise that quite apart from being in the Lords, your well-known imitation of Sir Anthony inspecting the Girl Guides on Armistice Day fixed your chances of an Under-Secretaryship years ago!"

Seven Murderers Are Walking Free

Seven murderers are walking free. They have killed—and not been brought to justice. One of them may have sat next to you in the train or bus, or he may have shared a table with you in a restaurant. He probably looked respectable, quietly dressed and, maybe, gentle of manner. Such might well be the description of "Mr

A," who killed with a nylon stocking, of "Mr B," who never left a clue, of "Mr C," who must have nerves of steel. This is the first of the fantastic stories of the Seven Men Who Are Getting Away With Murder—the silent crime of "Mr A," who killed in the quiet, highly respectable atmosphere of London's Onslow Square.

THE NYLON STOCKING KILLER ?

FACT NOT FICTION

THE subdued lights in the elegant windows facing the quiet square were flicking out one by one, like languid eyelids closing for the night, when "Mr A." struck.

Television programmes were over, Sunday evening guests had departed, and the well-to-do residents of the square—professional men and their families, titled people and the like—prepared to go to their comfortable beds.

Behind the heavy walnut front door of the ground floor flat at No. 59 "Mr A." stood over Mrs Violet McGrath as she lay dying on the expensive carpet, her blue-linked grey hair tangled round her once-pleasant, friendly face.

NOBODY IN SIGHT

HER head rested against the polished base of a grandfather clock. Her distended eyes stared sightlessly at the electric lights blazing down from the candelabra suspended from the hall ceiling.

Her mouth gaped for the air which had been stopped in her throat by the nylon stocking twisted and knotted into the soft, bruised flesh.

"Mr A." looked at his victim with pitiless eyes. Then, silently, he opened the front door— that heavy, rich door which had delighted so many tenants since it was installed by its first proud Regency owner.

He opened the door only a few inches—the legs and feet of the dead woman were pressed against it—but it opened wide enough to allow him to pass out into the night.

"Mr A." looked cautiously round the deserted square, peering to right and left between the tall, cream-painted pillars supporting the heavy portico.

The garden across the road was full of dark shadows under the trees, but the pavement was brightly lit. Then yards to the right was a street lamp. A little farther to the left was another. Nobody was in sight.

HEARD NOTHING

A TAXI accelerated noisily along busy Old Brompton Road, round the corner, "Mr A." at the door of No. 59, hesitated a moment then, as a church clock struck midnight, he moved away down the steps and strolled off in the direction of South Kensington underground station a few hundred yards away.

The people in the flats around No. 59 heard nothing—not even the closing of the heavy door.

Who was this silent killer of an amiable woman of 64 who sought only company and a little bright conversation to enliven the loneliness of widowhood? And why was her life cut off so brutally and mercilessly in that swift tangle behind the front door of No. 59?

"Mr A." the only person who could answer these questions, vanished among London's millions while the unsuspecting residents of Onslow Square slept undisturbed. And Mrs McGrath, proud mother of pretty Mrs Margaret Rennie, a former Winifred Theatre show-girl and wife of famous film star Michael Rennie, lay where she had died awaiting her daughter.

The next day, May 10, 1954, Mrs Rennie flew home from Paris. She had been there on a 12-day holiday with her husband and their 14-month-old son. As she left for London her husband boarded another airliner to fly to Hollywood.

Mounting the five steps to the imposing door of her £400-a-year flat in Onslow Square that warm spring afternoon, Mrs Rennie automatically noticed with a housewife's quick eye some disquieting details.

NO STRUGGLE

THREE full bottles of milk stood in the porch like mute heralds of disaster. The cream-and-gold curtains at the windows were still drawn, the hall lights were burning.

The right leg, from which the stocking had been ripped so brutally that the suspender clip came away with it, sprawled naked and white across the carpet. The slipper which had fallen from the bare foot lay nearby.

Photographers, fingerprint men, and sharp-eyed detectives trained to recognise a murderer's mistake in the slightest forgotten detail, methodically examined every inch of the four-roomed flat.

MOTIVE—That's first. Why was she killed, then by whom?

Burglary ruled out—no sign of a forced entry.

The doctor declared there was no sexual assault.

A quarrel and a fight? No signs of struggle beyond those trifling scratches, that single bruise, and the one drop of blood.

Robbery? Now, here's the strangest twist to the mystery. On the dead woman's left wrist was an expensive gold watch, on a finger, impossible to miss, a large ring, jewellery was plainly to be seen on the dressing-table. All that could have been missing was about £15—the balance of a £20 cheque cashed the day before.

WAS SHE KILLED FOR THAT?

"MURDER IN ONSLOW SQUARE."
"ONSLOW SQUARE, SOUTH KEN? YOU SURE?"
The message went within seconds to Scotland Yard, to Superintendent William Judge at the local C.I.D. headquarters in Chelsea, to Dr Jacob Gornky, the police doctor.

The best police organisation in the world moved swiftly on to the trail of "Mr A." the murderer.

Black police cars nosed in between the limousines and coupes parked in Onslow Square. From behind net curtains curious eyes watched and precise voices speculated about the extraordinary affairs at No. 59.

Inside the closed and guarded walnut door police swiftly sketched in the picture.

No struggle. Only slight scratches on the left thumb and right wrist, so trifling that they could have been caused by the manicured nails of a woman. A smear of blood on the right hand. It might be a vital clue, for it was not of the same group as that of the victim. A spot of blood to hang a murderer?

Under the blue-tinted grey hair, on the scalp of the dead woman, the meticulous doctor found a bruise heavy

A Startling Real-Life Story By VALENTINE DYALL

enough to stun, but no more. What killed, coldly, relentlessly, was the nylon stocking tied in a reef knot round the neck.

With good reason. That Sunday night two detectives sat in a room behind the bar with its gleaming bottles of wine and spirits, and called in customers one by one for questioning.

"Did you know Mrs McGrath? When did you last see her?"

Over and over again the same questions.

Three months later the Westminster Coroner, Mr H. Neville Stafford, was asking the questions in his court where he was conducting the long-delayed inquest on Mrs McGrath.

For two days witness after witness described in the fullest details all that could be discovered about the death of the friendly widow.

To Mrs Margaret Rennie fell the sad task of relating again how she had found her mother's body. Yes she said, in reply to the Coroner's question, she believed that on occasion her mother had invited people back to her flat. At times, too, she drank more than she should.

Mrs Edith Desmoullins, of the Gloucester Arms, said that although Mrs McGrath came to the public house four or five nights a week she was never there on Sundays.

On several occasions if she felt like having a drink, she would take several people, sometimes including herself

Where do you look for a murderer when you have completed the routine preliminaries?

It is a question of finding the link. The link of enmity or common interest, of jealousy, or even friendship and love.

Mrs McGrath's body was behind the front door. Was that imposing door the key to the mystery? Had she just admitted "Mr A." her murderer, or—more likely—was she about to let him out after a discussion over drinks in the lounge? One fact shouted for notice in this silent murder—whichever killed her was known to the victim.

No enemies? Then what about her friends?

The favourite haunt of Mrs McGrath, the lonely widow who loved company and had but £300 to her name—was a friendly pub in Paddington—the Gloucester Arms.

There the police sought the link to the murderer and crime together in that rope which ends in the hangman's noose.

POLICE IN BAR

OVER the counter where they serve tasty snacks, detectives talked to landlord Basil Desmoullins and his wife Edith.

There the murder of "Mr A." McGrath, who spent an hour or so most nights of the week at the bar—usually dressed in a dark grey suit and a white hat—was the topic on every lip.

With good reason. That Sunday night two detectives sat in a room behind the bar with its gleaming bottles of wine and spirits, and called in customers one by one for questioning.

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On several occasions if she felt like having a drink, she would take several people, sometimes including herself

and her husband, up to her flat. She enjoyed company.

Other people who had met Mrs McGrath in the Gloucester Arms were asked questions about her, but none was able to identify the silent killer.

MYSTERY WOMAN

SUMMING up his inquiry the Coroner told the inquest jury: "You have powers to name the person you consider, on the evidence, as the murderer—which means you have the power, if there is sufficient evidence to put the person on trial."

An hour later the jury declared their verdict: "We find that Mrs Violet McGrath was murdered by strangulation at 59, Onslow Square, between 11.30 p.m. and midnight on Sunday, May 9, by a person or persons unknown."

And so the death of Mrs Violet McGrath passed into the file of unsolved crimes, and "Mr A." became one of the increasing number who have got away with murder.

Why did he escape? Was this soundless killing committed because it was vital to the murderer that the victim should be forever silenced?

Was the guilty person not "MR A." at all but "MRS A."—the dark, sturdily built woman aged about 35, who was seen leaving the flat a few hours before Mrs McGrath was killed? Did she return later and murder the old lady for the few pound notes she had seen in her handbag? The mysterious visitor was never traced. Was her silence that of guilt?

But then, would any woman stand over her unconscious victim, decide cold-bloodedly that she must die, and deliberately rip off a stocking and strangle her?

MANY PROBLEMS

THERE are many reasons why the police may not be able to bring a murderer to justice. The crime may result from a casual encounter—it may be the work of a homicidal maniac who has no link with the victim. In rare cases the motive may be hidden in some secret which escapes detection.

And sometimes the police believe they know the killer, but they cannot bring the crime home.

"Mr A." the silent murderer of Onslow Square, could be the person who sat by your side last night.

Perhaps the murderer is reading these words at this moment.

"DID YOU KILL MRS MCGRATH?"

If so, do not be complacent, "Mr A." Few people get away with murder in the end, however silent.

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Next Week: The Riddle Of The Pond.

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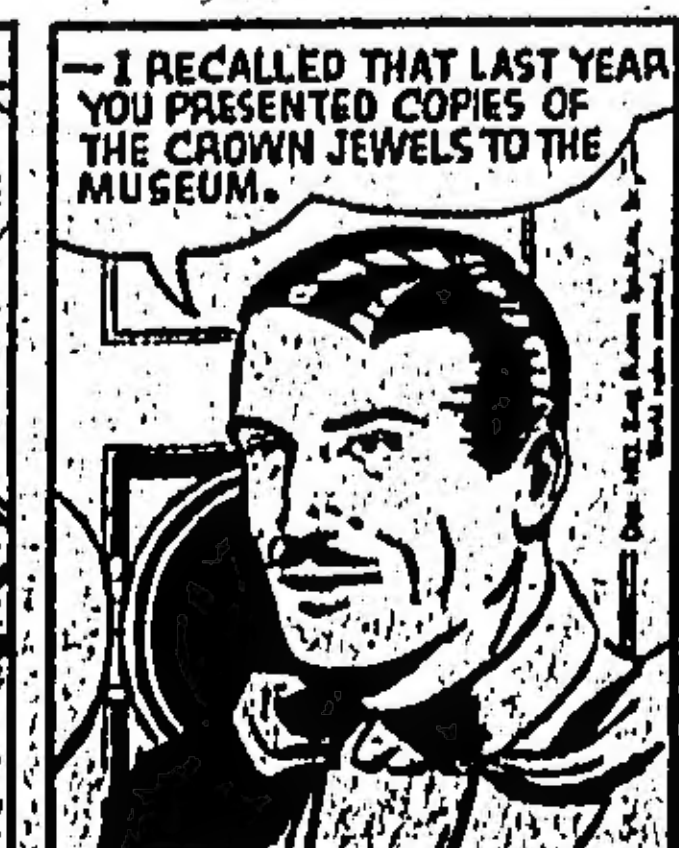
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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



MY 10 PREDICTIONS FOR 1956

by Sefton Delmer



His goodwill is something the factory managers—the new elite in Russia—have to reckon with.

Moscow to woo the Vatican

A CLIMAX will be reached towards the end of the year in the secret East-West conflict within the innermost councils of the Vatican.

On the one side is the Neutralist Group, headed by social-reforming Archbishop Montini, of Milan, and Pius XII, Secretary Monsignor Dell'Aqua—they demand that the Vatican should keep "an equal distance from Moscow and from Washington."

On the other is the pro-American group led by Monsignor Tardini, another Pius XII secretary, and the highly influential Archbishop Samoré, a close friend of the American Cardinal Spellman.

Moscow will intensify its underground diplomatic campaign aimed at establishing formal relations with the Vatican in return for Soviet toleration and non-persecution of the Roman Catholic Church in the Soviet world, with its 55,000,000 flock.

Arms: Germany still awake

WESTERN Germany will startle the arms world by showing that her inventors and technicians are well on the way to catching up in the rest of the Western world in the field of guided missiles.

Weapon which will be talked of most is an anti-tank rocket. Instead of being guided electrically by radar it is steered by a thin line of cable paid out like an old-fashioned harpoon.

The missile can be operated by one man—another advantage over other weapons of this kind.

It is being financed by the veteran German multi-millionaire, Friedrich Flick.

It is the cheapest guided missile yet. A taxpayer's dream. (COPYRIGHT)

Eisenhower to run and win

EISENHOWER will stand for a second term. He will be returned by a vote even larger than for his first term.

My reasons: The President's impressive recovery from his heart attack; the advice given him by heart specialist Dr. Paul White that it does patients good to return to harness; the emotional effect on Eisenhower of the consternation caused not only in the U.S. but throughout the Western world by the prospect of his withdrawal from the White House; his immense sense of duty.

A soldier does not quit.

As for the vote, opinion polls show Eisenhower with an 80 percent popularity lead over all other candidates.

Policy-makers attention!

TWO major pre-occupations of Western policy-makers during 1956 will be:

(a) The rapidly with which the Soviet is now turning out university graduates in sciences and engineering—1,200,000 in the 10 years from 1950 to 1960 is the American Intelligence estimate of Russian graduates as against 900,000 only over the same period in the United States. And incomparably fewer, of course, in Britain.

(b) The new "trouble diplomacy" of economic aid offers with which Moscow is trying to outbid the United States in Asia at the very moment when the American administrators want to draw in their horns and economise on foreign aid.

I predict that of the two the threat from the army of robot scientists will turn out to be the graver.

More pay for teachers will be one of the first decisions inevitably.

For the F.O.—an axe

I PREDICT an encouraging victory for the campaign against Whitehall waste—and in that most unexpected quarter, the Foreign Office.

Teams of F.O. inspectors, accompanied by hard-headed and tight-lipped Treasury officials, will tour the world slashing the expenditure of our embassies; axing superfluous offices and superfluous officials.

Everything will be examined on a "Is it necessary? Is it worth it?" basis, from diplomatic cocktail parties to telephone bills and the output of individual typists.

Most heavily slashed will be the cultural side of British diplomatic activities.

I venture this prophecy because of the discoveries made by the Treasury men who are now investigating the embassy in Bonn on these lines. Their success is bound to set up similar inquiries in other embassies.

A switch in emphasis

MOSCOW'S anti-colonialist campaign in which race hate and colour hate have been substituted for the old Marxist class hate will reach a new high on the Kremlin's No. 1 sounding-board—the United Nations in New York.

To the ranks of the UNO anti-colonial brigade, 12 vociferous new recruits have been added.

Only four of the 16 countries elected to UNO under the recent package deal between the Soviet bloc and the West will arrive



How will the coming year colour world politics? Where do we find the pointers to the things that will blow up big before the next twelve months pass? A famous foreign affairs commentator makes his forecast....

Tunisia as new target area

IN AFRICA, in the Mediterranean, in Southeast Asia, the anti-Western, anti-colonialist campaign will produce fresh waves of incitement and inter-communal warfare.

A special new target area will be Tunisia. Here agreement between the French Government and Habib Bourguiba, the Tunisian Nationalist leader, has created an area of peaceful and orderly collaboration.

It is capable of serving as a peacemaking example for the whole of Arab North Africa.

Extremist agitators sponsored by China and Moscow will do their best to upset this Tunisian peace.

Pressure on U.S. to leave UNO

THE AMERICANS are in for nasty shocks from their European allies and from UNO in 1956.

In Greece, the elections will produce a swing to the neutralist Left. West Germany will flirt more and more openly with the East. A delegation of West German MPs will visit Red China.

UNO will shock the U.S. by insisting on the admission of Red China in the autumn.

The U.S. will be placed in an awkward predicament. They cannot permit Formosa to fall into Communist hands any more than we can afford to give up our base in Cyprus.

Under will become the voice in America demanding that each side should reduce its over-entensive foreign commitments and send UNO packing.

New tactics at World Bank

THE WORLD BANK in Washington, which has hitherto granted loans and advice with all the care and paternalism of a grand old-fashioned family banker, will suffer most under the blackmail of the Soviet's new economic aid diplomacy.

They will let down the gullible Nehru if he deals with them, just as they let down the much more hard-headed Peron.

Washington will regret

IN BURMA Premier U Nu, just recovering from the Bulgarian-Krushchev visit, will find the World Bank experts far less servile in their consideration of his rehabilitation projects than they previously looked like being.

I predict my banker friend in Washington will regret their haste in meeting the Bulgarian boy and paying this Afro-Asian blackmail.

MLLE FRANCOISE SAGAN CHOOSES LOVE AGAIN

'WAR? FISHING? FARMING? I DO NOT KNOW THESE THINGS'

FOR a storm-centre Mlle. Francoise Sagan is very quiet indeed. She barely protests when inaccuracies, exaggerations and shocked exclamations clash over her head.

"They say I have made \$60,000 out of Tristesse? They are kind to be so optimistic for me. It is no more than £20,000."

Cynicism. Immorality. Precocity. All these have been fired at her.

"I really don't know why," she says mildly.

This is not, however, meekness.

When I met her I was suddenly reminded of a fox I once met in a wood. The fox gave me a cool stare, summed me up as nothing to be afraid of and with a casual dismissal walked quietly away.

AT 15, A WOMAN

With her fox-brown eyes, pointed face and slim feet, little Mlle. Sagan is always casually walking away from accusations, challenges—and people who will talk about her first book, "Bonjour Tristesse."

"I am absolutely not interested in this book. It is terrible to speak about it. It is ended for me, I do not like it at all."

Now that it has been committed into the unkind hands of Hollywood (Mlle. Sagan and her publisher will get three percent of the takings) it is of even less interest.

"All the characters will be married and they will all have babies, I suppose," says Mlle. Sagan, showing a fine French contempt for happy endings.

"In America and England they cannot understand that you can be a good person and



Francoise Sagan (left) receiving a gift of flowers on her arrival in London from Nancy Spain, author of thrillers and book reviewer. (See Page 14: Nancy Spain on Books)

not have fixed morals. They think the wicked always have to be punished and the good always have to be made happy. "But this is not true."

How—and this is the question most asked about her—does a girl so young know whether this is true or not?

She shrugs with the impatience and perplexity of all teenagers who cannot get it over to their elders that they have just the same powers of observation and deduction as they have themselves.

"A girl of fifteen is a woman. Why are people so slow at recognising this?"

Now aged 20 and five months, Mlle. Sagan writes of love again in her next book.

"I couldn't write about war, or fishing or farming, could I? I don't know these things. Every little girl knows about love. It is only her capacity to suffer because of it that increases."

She has none of the secret cynicism about money that illumines most success. "Three hundred pounds," she will say flatly of her panther-skin coat. The first £200 that her book earned for her she lent to a friend.

"One thousand pounds," she will reply when asked how much she gets in America for an article.

These are just dead numerals. Money has no breathless fascination for her.

Her family background is both loving and luxurious. "My father has a factory for making metal crucibles outside Paris. He is tall, grey and a little fat. Not specially handsome. And he is mild. My mother is charming, very amusing and smart."

Her childhood was spent six months in their large apartment near the Madeleine—and six months in the country. "In a small house with a large park."

By ANNE SHARPLEY

THE TENSIONS IN EASTERN GERMANY WHAT MR MOLOTOV HAS FORGOTTEN

By Julius Gould

WHEN the four Foreign Ministers met at Geneva in the autumn of 1955 Mr. Molotov talked continually about the "social achievements" of the East German state. Free elections throughout Germany would, he said, have a "mechanical" result—they would jeopardise these achievements.

Mr. Molotov was evading the facts, for he is well aware that the East German Communist regime is so unpopular with the people that free elections would sweep it away. To call such a result "mechanical" is not helpful. Mr. Molotov is also well aware of the large number of East Germans who have no wish to share in the "social achievements" he claimed for the Communist Grotewohl Government.

Even while he spoke the number of refugees was rising. Young people were fleeing from conscription into the army—a resurgence of German militarism dictated by Moscow. Others, young and old alike, were escaping from a threatened food crisis.

For the supply of basic foods has been cut as much by state mismanagement as by the flow of refugees from rural areas.

The outlook for the urban worker is equally bleak. His living standards are far below prewar level, he is progressively exploited by the constant revision of wage norms, and he receives no help from his trade

unions, which are merely cogs in the state machine.

Only last summer the East German Trade Union Congress deleted the "right to strike" from the Union Statutes—despite the fact that it is still "guaranteed" in the East German Constitution.

Vast differentials separate the few shock workers, who set the pace, from the mass of low-paid workers whose labour is squeezed from them.

The tensions set up by this system have produced not a society of equals, but sharp differences in power and privilege. Two years ago the

Julius Gould, Lecturer in Sociology at the London School of Economics, has contributed numerous articles to periodicals on political and trade union questions. He had a distinguished academic career and was a scholar of Balliol College, Oxford, before becoming Assistant-Lecturer at University College, London.

cumulative strain led to rioting throughout the country—acts of desperate defiance which Mr. Molotov cannot have forgotten. The tensions of 1953 are still there and may erupt once more. For it may truly be said that the urban workers have nothing to lose—nothing, that is, but the myths of their "social achievements."

Like all the other Communist regimes, the Grotewohl government is fighting hard to control men's minds, its main targets being the churches, the youth organisations and the universities.

To take but a few examples. In the spring of 1955 the regime revived the programme of secular confirmation services for children of appropriate ages. This was designed to clash with the Christian Easter but, thanks to sharp church re-

actions, the move was only moderately successful.

In May, the authorities confiscated for two consecutive weeks copies of the papers "The Church" and "The Potsdam Church," which had argued that elite schools were seed-beds of atheism, and had demanded the right of conscientious objection to compulsory military service.

At Halle, in February 1955, a spokesman gave the party line on tolerance to a student conference. He denounced it as a "destructive" idea which had its roots "in the desire not to cause pain to others in fear of suffering the same thing oneself." Tolerance, he added, was soil "in which opposition and unscientific ideas grow."

These views would have satisfied Hitler and Himmler as much as they please Ulbricht and Grotewohl. They may make good sense to the Nazi or Communist functionary, but they make nonsense of education as distinct from indoctrination. Certainly such intellectual rubbish cannot be called "social achievement."

I doubt whether Mr. Molotov is really as naive as he pretended to be. He cares remarkably little, I should think, for the "social achievements" of any of the countries the Russians control or bully. He is mainly concerned to buttress Soviet power, and there is nothing in the "spirit of Geneva" that can curb this concern.

All his talk about social achievements, like his anger at Western "aggressiveness," is an elaborate cover for deeper, more secret fears. He knows that if the East Germans were given a chance to throw off their shackles, other nations would follow suit, or at least try to do so.

Stalin's gains in Eastern Europe, not the "social achievements" of Eastern Germany, were at stake last autumn at Geneva. (COPYRIGHT)

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THE MAN WHO LEFT HIS VOICE IN HOLLYWOOD

● That's the price of exile for Richard Basehart. But there are compensations — including spaghetti and fried octopus.

London. THE head-waiter at the large, unfashionable hotel was apologetic. "I am afraid we are no longer serving lunch," he said. "But it is for Mr. Basehart." Intimated the publicity man. "But it is after 3.30," intimated the head-waiter.

"Richard Basehart... the film star," said the publicity man by way of explanation.

"Quite, but it is after 3.30," said the waiter, also by way of explanation.

The magic of a large tip, however, accomplished what the magic of Mr. Basehart's presence could not—lunch was served after 3.30 p.m.

"Now if you were Gregory Peck," I said, "imagine what you would save in tips."

"This waiter," said Basehart, "must be a highbrow." Basehart from Ohio, the specialist in nervy, edgy, fidgety characterisations, is a short, compact man with sandy hair, blue eyes. Not noticeably nervy, edgy or fidgety.

No aura

Not noticeably like Gregory Peck, either. He does not go around with his private aura of glamour. He does not have the kind of personality or fame that impresses head-waiters, major-domos, commissionaires, or usherettes.

Largely, this is of his own doing. When he married the Italian star Valentina Cortese, he said goodbye to Hollywood, the personality-creators and the myth-makers. He went to live in Italy, taking his own per-

by THOMAS WISEMAN

sonality and no myths worth mentioning.

He joined the growing band of Hollywood expatriates who have made their exodus from the Promised Land with their Cadillacs on their backs, so to speak.

He yearned, like they all did, for the tradition, the culture and the spaghetti of Europe.

"I found I belonged in Rome," says Basehart.

To him Hollywood was an artificial city, without roots, traditions. He just found he didn't belong. Like a hundred movie heroes before him. He found the atmosphere tense, claustrophobic and neurotic.

Like most of the natives, he had a shot at being psycho-analysed. But he found Rome, ravioli and fried octopus more therapeutic.

Lonesome

"I don't miss much about Hollywood," he says, "except the desert. I'm very lonesome to anybody in Hollywood. I'm not the letter-writing kind. In Rome I feel relaxed the way I never did in Hollywood. It's hard to define what it is about a place that attracts you to it... there are so many intangible reasons."

There are also tangible reasons: dollars, lire, pounds, sterling.

He says: "Oh, I make much more money working in Europe. You see, as an American taxpayer working in Europe I get the first 20,000 dollars of my income tax-free. Next year, I may be counted as an Italian resident and I would pay Italian tax. The highest anyone pays there is 25 percent. A lot of people don't pay any tax at all."

"In Hollywood I just about broke even. Now, for the first time in my life, I'm actually saving."

But there is a price to be paid for this.

Hollywood, despite its tensions, undercurrents and cross-currents, put him in films like "Fourteen Hours" and "Decision Before Dawn," in which he made a big impact.

Today his prestige as an actor has fallen. Inevitably. In his Italian films he merely supplies the face, the mime, the movement. Somebody else supplies the Italian voice.

And Basehart has not been very fortunate in the voices allocated to him.

He himself has a strong, masculine, gruffish voice that helps to give power and authority to his rather slight frame.

Choir boy

But the voices with which he has been dubbed are high-pitched, weedy and wheedling. He sounds like a choir boy whose voice has just broken.

Basehart is currently working on the business of regaining his voice. He feels he now knows sufficient Italian to enable him to speak for himself. "I'm hoping they will soon let me use my own voice," he says, "that should be an improvement."

At present he is in London, playing a film producer in a picture called "With All My Heart."

It is not the kind of picture that is likely to cause a major sensation. But major sensations are not entirely ruled out of his immediate future.

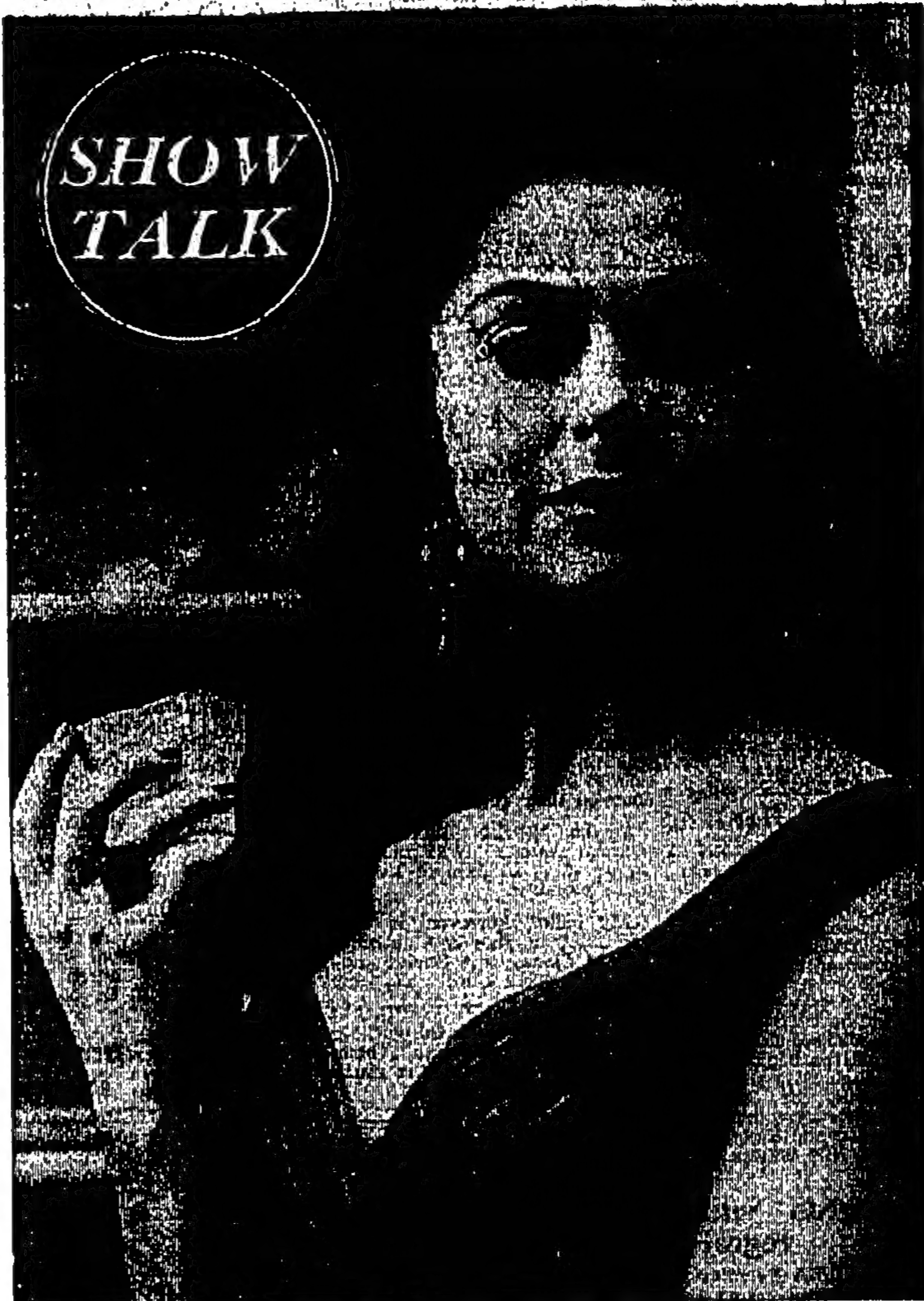
Basehart still has "Moby Dick" up his sleeve. This is the film which took so long to make and is taking even longer to be released. He stars in it with Gregory Peck.

When it is shown, eventually, it could mean an urgent summons to the exile to return to Hollywood.

And when that happens I predict that Basehart will manage to tear himself away from the spaghetti and the tax-free dollars.

It is strange, but when you are a big success, Hollywood somehow becomes less claustrophobic.

And the tax collector becomes suddenly less of an ogre. (Copyright)



MAUREEN SWANSON, a beautiful dark-haired actress with the look of a young Hedy Lamarr, achieved a measure of fame as The Girl Who Kissed Errol Flynn at the Airport.

This was several years ago. Then she became known as the girl who was seen around with the Marquess of Milford Haven. Such tags are difficult for any actress to live down.

But Miss Swanson is trying hard.

Twenty-three-year-old Miss Swanson has been appearing in A Town Like Alice. Next she gets an important role in a new Rank film called Jacqueline, starring John Gargan. And on Monday she tests for the leading female role opposite Dirk Bogarde in The Spanish Gardener.

In 1956, I predict, Maureen Swanson will shine on the screen. Rather than flourish in the foyer.

OUT IN THE SUDAN:

THE DANCING MAJOR WHIRLS AGAIN

From DONALD WISE

Khartoum the Nile Waters Agreement of 1929, 48,000 million cubic metres of the yearly flood is allocated to Egypt. Sudan dams a part, 4,000 million cubic metres, and wants at least 20,000 million of the 82,000 million surplus.

Egypt's high dam project at Aswan, for which Britain and the U.S. have promised financial backing, will flood out 100 square miles of Sudanese cultivated area in the Haifa district.

The Sudanese resent the fact that they were not consulted on Aswan. Engineers believe that by opening her dams at certain times a hostile Sudan could send the penned-up Nile crashing into Egypt—and 80 percent of her irrigation water would swirl away to waste.

Self-invited, looking remarkably self-satisfied, he is phoning old enemies to come and make up, pumping the hands of old Egypt-loving friends.

He wants to coax the Sudan into the Arab League.

He wants her to avoid the British-sponsored Baghdad Pact.

He is anxious to secure Sudanese for the Egyptian Army, of which they have always been the fighting spearhead.

Above all, the major is talking about water. From his bedroom window he peers at the Nile through his sunglasses each morning. For the Nile is Egypt's life blood. Under

Do You Get Worried About Your Health?

HE was not the first American to come in and ask for a thorough check-up. "Yes, sir. Twice a year I see my doctor back home and I like to keep that up."

"Last time I had my check-up in Paris, France, I had the whole works—X-ray, blood test, sedimentation rate... everything, from tip to toe, like I do back in the States."

"I'm sure appalled that you people don't have the same thing twice a year instead of waiting for symptoms to creep up on you."

"But if you don't mind me saying so you're a little backward in a lot of things. Take central heating..."

But ARE we backward in medical matters? Are such investigations necessary for people normally in good health? Should people visit the doctor regularly, as they might a dentist?

My experience is that these investigations can do harm.

I had a patient the other day who went along to a mass radiography unit—a very useful enterprise in the prevention and control of pulmonary tuberculosis and one that every-body should use.

Harmful

This patient was called back for a further X-ray of his chest—apparently because there was something technically wrong with the X-ray plate, not because anything was wrong with his lungs. But he did not know that at the time, and between his first and his second X-ray he began to cough all day and felt, as he himself said, "like death warmed up."

To go for an X-ray check-up, to a mass radiography unit is one thing, but to see the doctor regularly for a blood test, electrocardiogram, etc., when nothing is wrong, is not only unnecessary but for many people positively harmful.

But if doctors' fees, like their American colleagues, to cold-shoulder special investigations, except as an ancillary measure, it does not mean that they are blameless when it comes to ordinary clinical examination.

Several new patients of mine, complaining of a variety of symptoms, have been surprised when I have asked them to strip or partially strip. The inference can only be that some doctors (a small minority, certainly) write down their prescriptions without giving the



Beware of the doctor who doesn't want you to strip...

patient a proper clinical going-over. Beware of the doctor who listens to your chest with a stethoscope when your shirt is merely unbuttoned instead of being pulled right off. When you have a shirt or vest on, the doctor cannot hear the sounds in your chest but only the small noises made by your clothes.

Again, if a doctor examines your stomach and his hands are icy cold, don't just grin and bear it, for the doctor in any case won't be able to feel anything: your abdominal muscles involuntarily contract when a doctor's hands are winter-cold.

Because we don't believe in regular all-embracing special investigations, it is all the more important that doctors, however busy, should examine each patient carefully and thoroughly. "If you feel like that," said my American caller, "come to think of it, I occasionally get a pain right here. Couldn't I have an X-ray or a blood test or something to make sure that that's O.K.?"

"Strip," I said.

Cedric Carne

PICTURES SKID OFF THE SKY

Round-the-bend Television

London. CLEAR TV reception at 200-300 miles range and a regular exchange of programmes with America are now becoming possible.

The key is a method of bouncing ultra-high frequency waves off the sky (see diagram). This overcomes the horizon factor which today limits range to about 50 miles.

Round-the-bend TV has been evolved after secret experiments to tighten the West's defence screen.



This is how it works. Aerials like bowl-type electric fans, 60ft. across, aim the waves into the sky. They strike the troposphere—the lower part of the upper atmosphere—about six miles up.

The waves slide off the troposphere and return to earth 200-plus miles away.

Excellent TV pictures have already been sent this distance. The system, by widening the range of first-class reception, will reduce the need for so many stations.

U.S. engineers have worked out a possible TV relay route to Britain by way of Baffin Island, Greenland, Iceland, the Faroe Islands, and the Shetlands, to Scotland. No sea crossings is more than 300 miles.

Security regulations prevent such transmissions at present. Once the all-clear is given, an international conference of the television networks of Europe and America is likely to discuss programme exchanges. (Copyright)

DOWN TO EARTHA...

The two-sided woman... 'It's HOW you sing the words'



By CHRISTOPHER HALL

MISS EARTHA KITT, in London last week, looked into the mirror and I wondered: "Which is the real Kitt?"

Is it the Kitt who leaped into the Cadillac class when the sandpaper in her voice put a new tone into sex?

Is it the Kitt who sang "I want to be evil," as though she were, and "Monotonous" in a voice that invited every male to break the boredom?

"Or have we been seeing things? Can it be that the real Kitt is the girl who showed me this love lyric which she is writing—"

"Do not cry for me, my love, when I am dead and gone. But kiss my hand and hold me tight and dress me in chiffon."

Eartha Kitt, the poet—is that the girl in the mirror? For there is a girl in the mirror and she is not the girl in the mirror or the girl on the honey-moon-travel agency sign.

Says the Kitt-in-the-mirror: "Singing doesn't leave me all the time. I'd like for writing and reading." (Besides poetry Eartha is busy with her autobiography—up to the age of 26.)

"You see," she says, "I left school at 15 and I have to pick up my education as I go along."

And how she picks it up. A copy of Plato (Greek philosopher) and Emerson (American poet) go with her everywhere.

But I am still wondering—is this the Kitt dubbed by Orson Welles, "the most exciting woman in the world?"

"I am reading the great Russian novelists at the moment," says Eartha. "I think the only way to know whether the Russians are as bad as they are painted is to read about them."

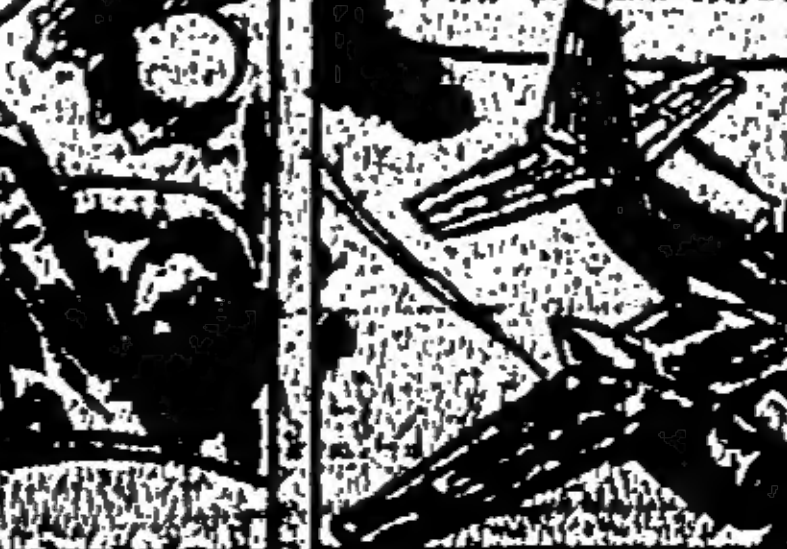
"So I read Dostoevsky, Chekhov, and Tolstoy..." the names slide off her tongue.

The tongue which said, "The words of songs don't matter—it's the way you sing 'em." (Copyright)

JOHNNY HAZARD



WE FLY BETWEEN HERE AND ROTTERDAM... JUST SHUTTLE BACK AND FORTH AT CRUISING ALTITUDE... WHEN I RUN LOW ON FUEL, WE STOP. RADIO...



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By Anne Scott-James

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HONGKONG IN 1955:



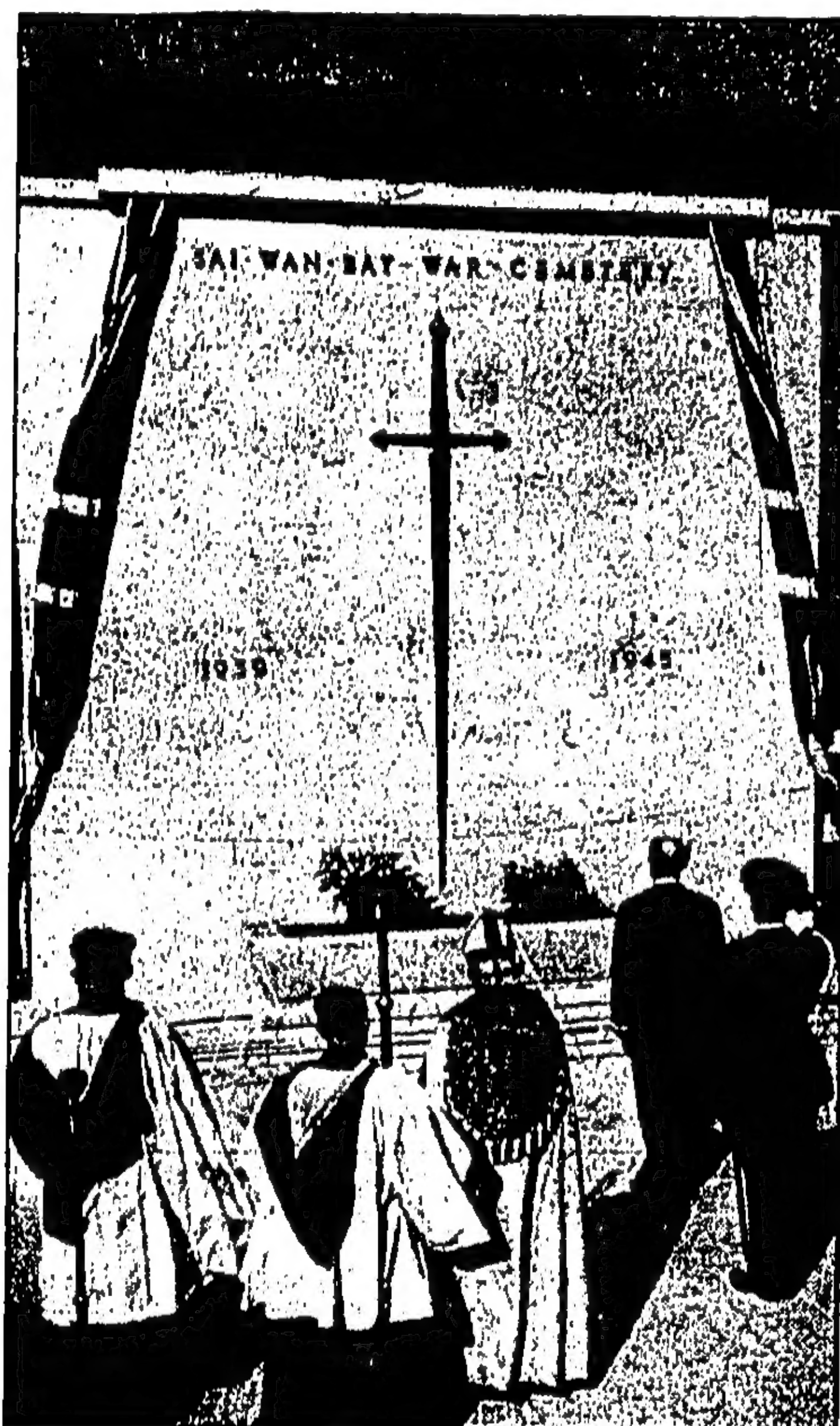
A cultural event of first importance was the Festival of the Arts in April.



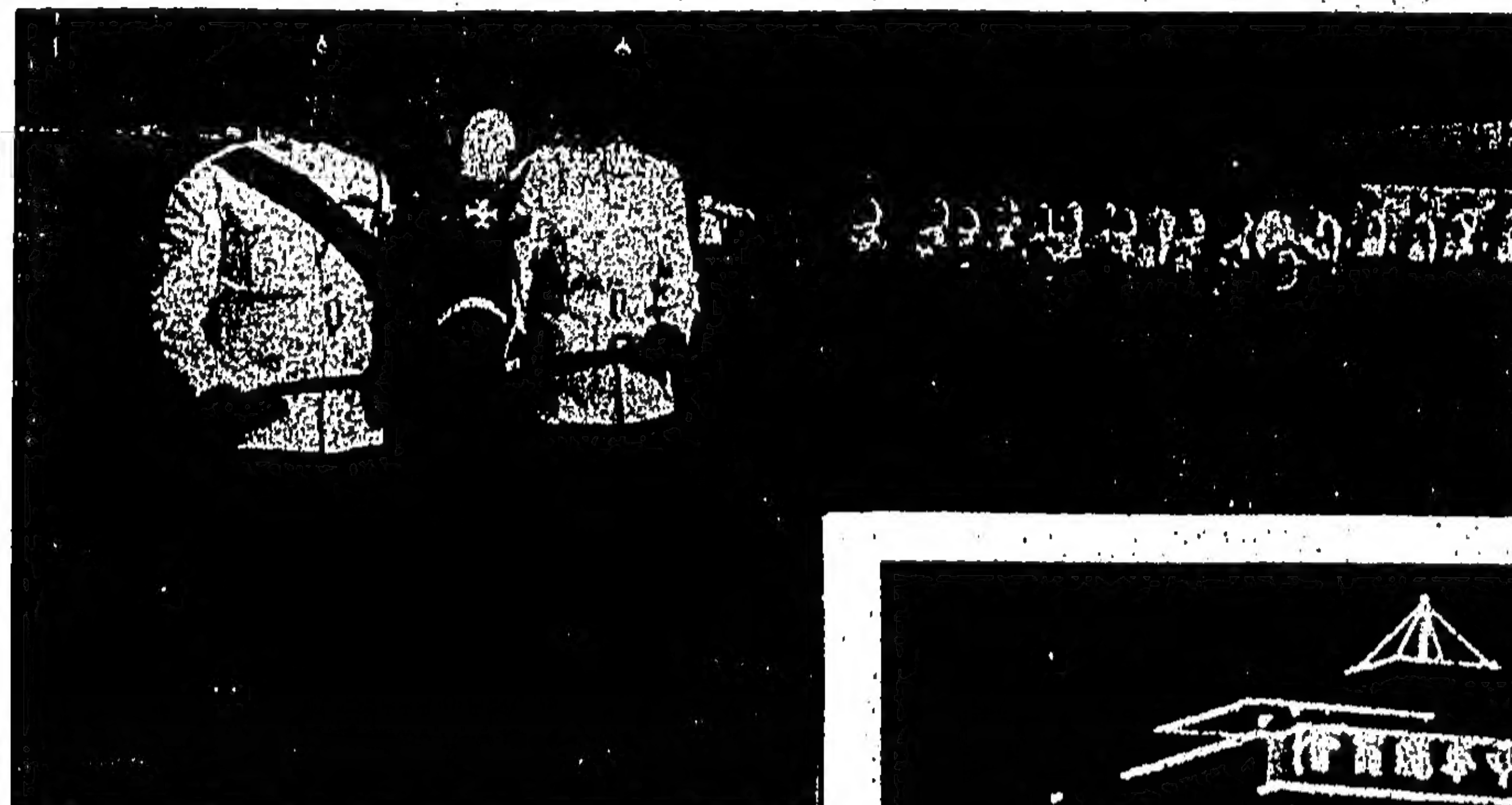
IN January, the Fisheries Exhibition provided evidence of the growth of the industry. Scene is aboard a local trawler.



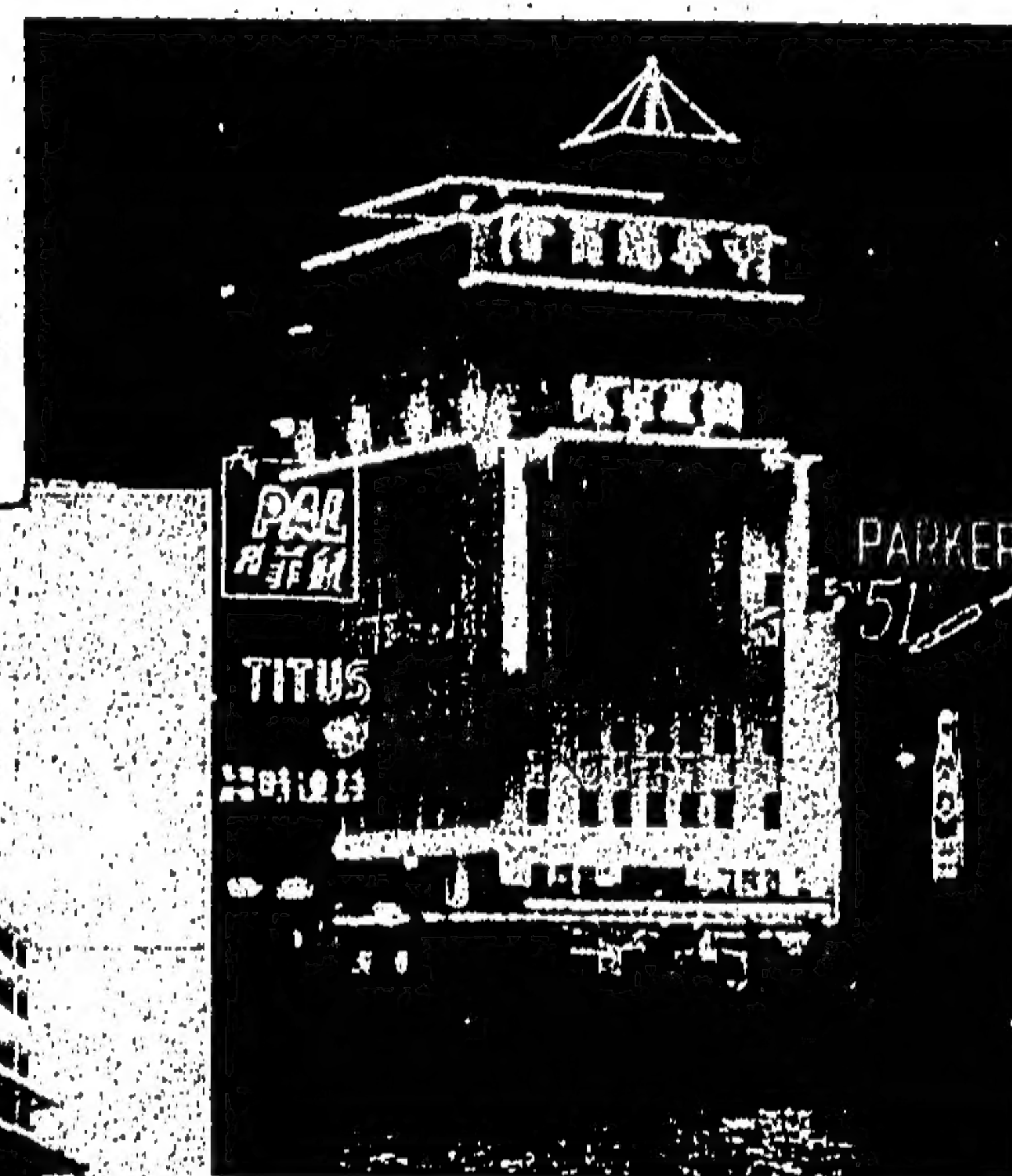
IN August the 11 American airmen released by the Peking authorities returned home via Hongkong. They had been in prison in Communist China since they were shot down in 1953, towards the end of the Korean War.



HIS Excellency the Governor in February unveiled the Sai Wan Bay War Memorial, which honours over 2,000 war dead without any known grave.



THE Hongkong Regiment in October had its first mascot—a Shetland pony named Kui Mo Bao, presented by Col. J. D. Clague.



AMONG the many notable building projects completed during the year are the new headquarters of the Chinese General Chamber of Commerce (above) and the new grandstand of the Hongkong Jockey Club (left).



ALSO in August a major archaeological discovery was made when workmen unearthed a 2,000-year-old Han tomb at the Li Cheng Uk site. Picture below shows some of the pottery relics found in the tomb.

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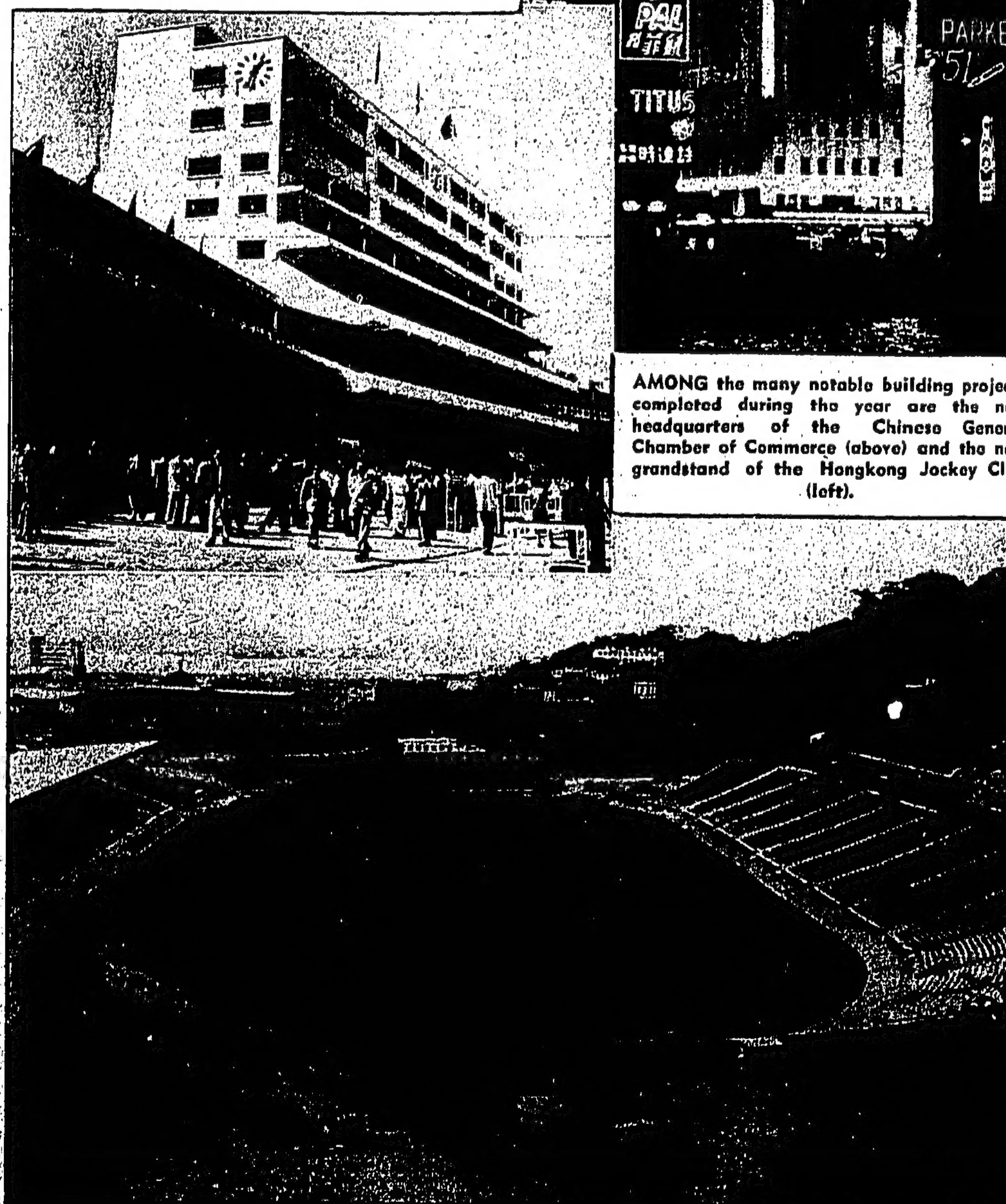
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THE Hongkong Stadium, in Sookunpoo Valley, opened for use in December, is the largest in the Colony and compares favourably with those in other countries.

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NEWS HIGHLIGHTS



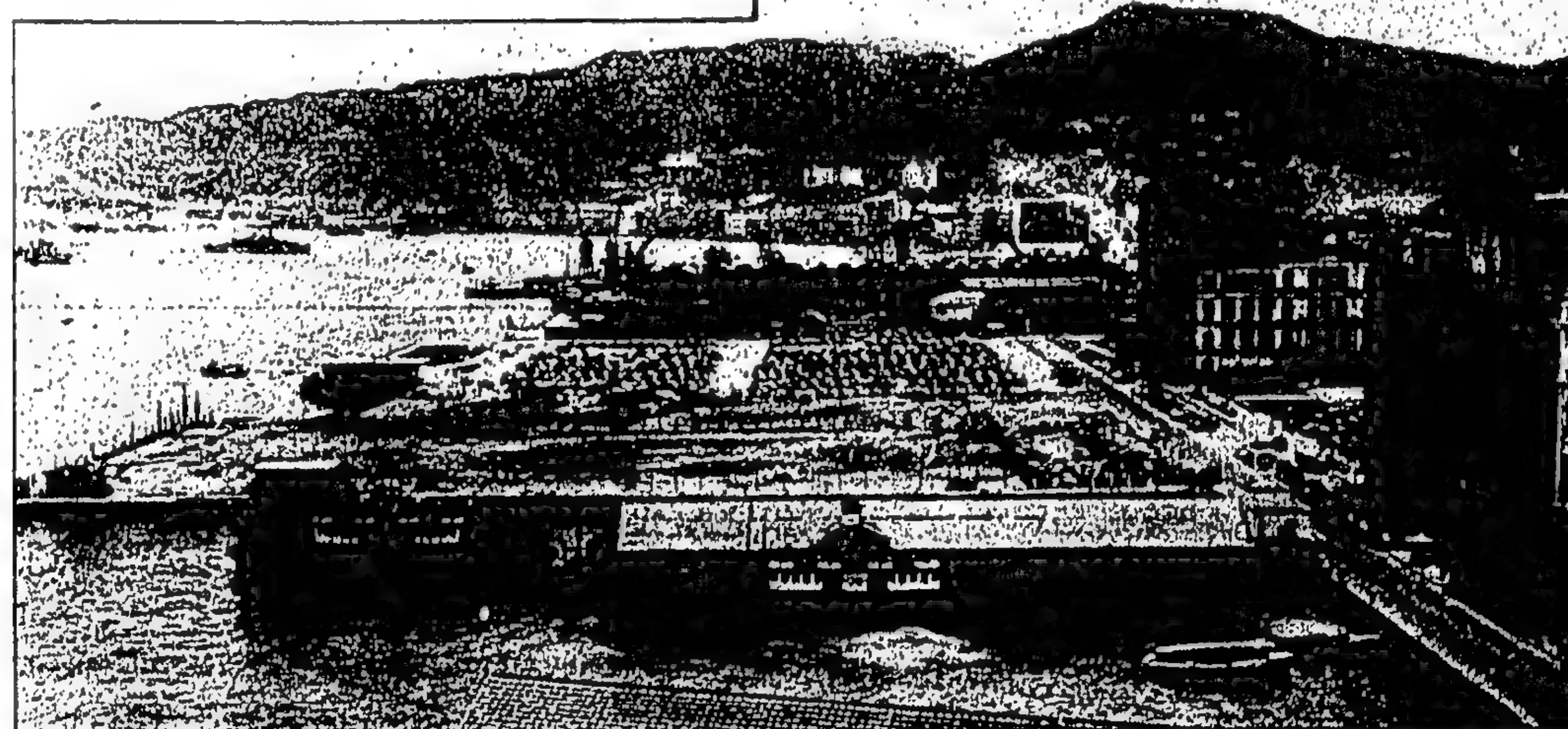
NOTABLE visitors during the year. Right: The Secretary of State for the Colonies, the Rt. Hon. Alan Lennox-Boyd. Above: Dame Sybil Thorndike and Sir Lewis Casson, leaders of the British stage. Left: Mr V. K. Krishna Menon, India's Delegate to the United Nations, who passed through on his Peking trip.



THE Hongkong shipbuilding industry was also busy during the year, represented in pictures here of the launching of the 6,580-ton ocean liner Chengtu (on top) and the bunkering lighters Fung Wong Shan and Lung Shan.



MAJOR reclamation schemes—Victoria Park in Causeway Bay (above) and (below) the Central reclamation.



IN January delegates of over 20 nations gathered in Hongkong for the conference of ECAFE's Sub-Committee on Trade.

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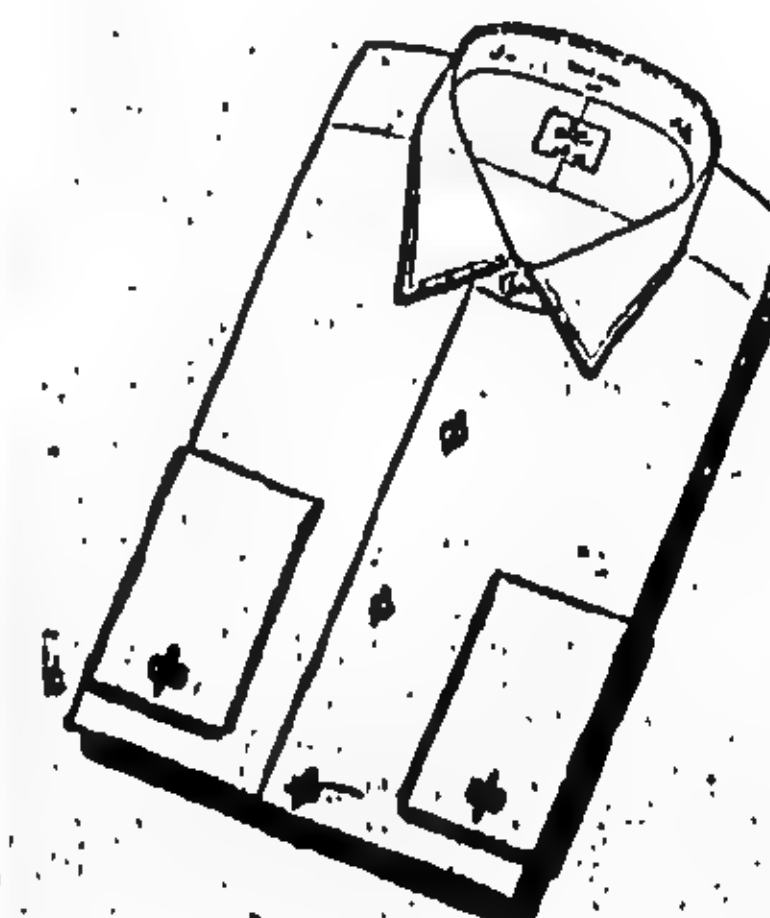
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AN unusual visitor was this 27ft Common Rorqual whale, caught in the harbour as a large crowd watched on the waterfront. (All pictures on these two pages are by Staff Photographers)

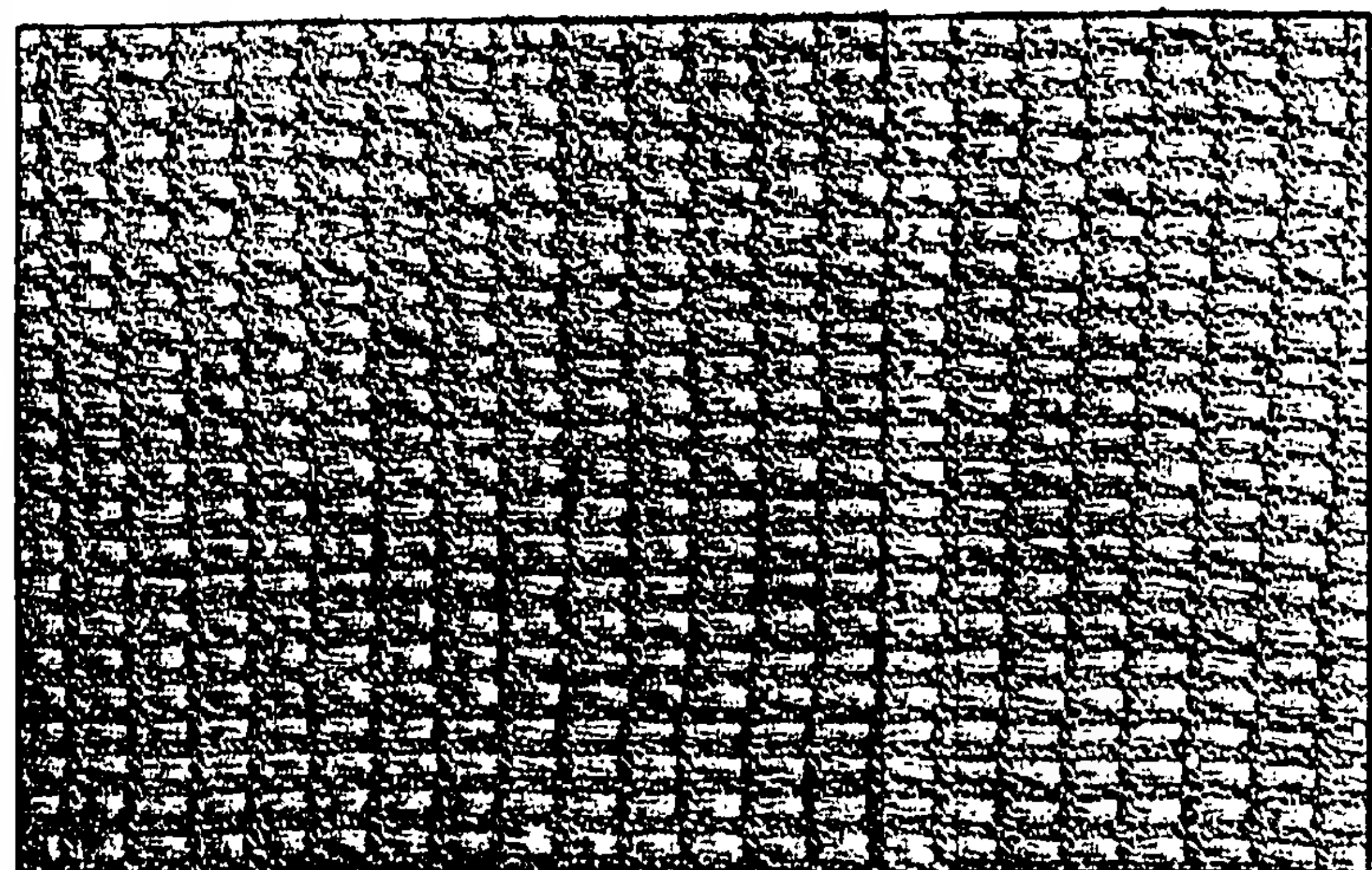
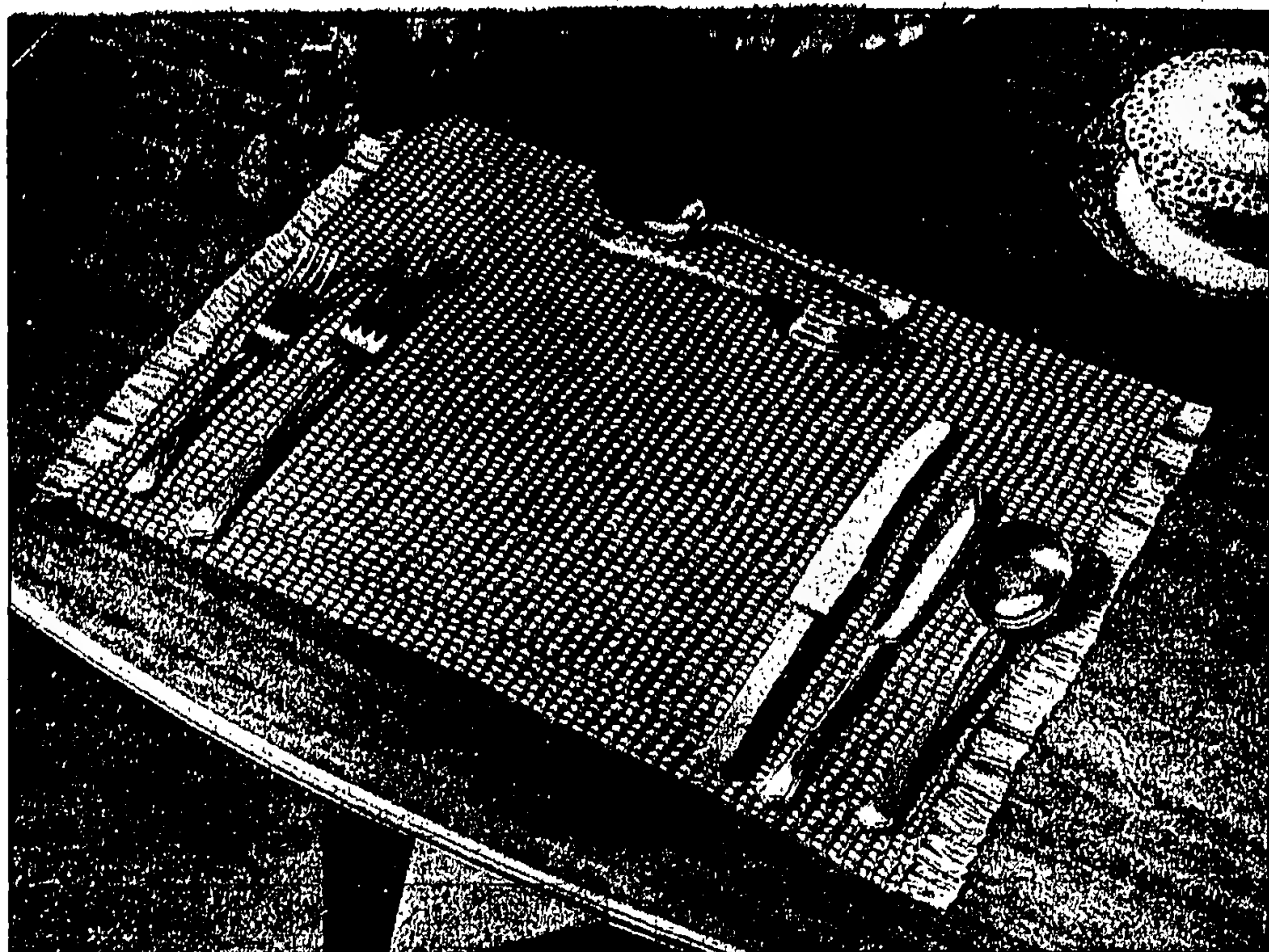
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MACKINTOSH'S



PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT



Weaving Place Mat

MATERIALS: Conis Chain Mercer-Crochet No. 20 (20 Gram.) 3 balls selected colour. 2 balls contrasting colour. Mill-wire Steel Crochet Hook No. 3. (Slack workers could use a No. 3 1/4 hook and tight workers a No. 2 1/4).

TENSION: 5 sps and 5 rows = 1 in. (2.5 cm.)

MEASUREMENTS: 12 in. x 20 in. (30.5 cm. x 50.7 cm.), including fringe.

ABBREVIATIONS: ch=chain; ss=slip stitch; tr=troble; dc=double crochet; sp=space.

DIRECTIONS

With selected colour, commence at one long side with a chain 24 in. (60.9 cm.) long.

1st Row: 1 tr into 6th ch from hook * 1 ch, miss 1 ch, 1 tr into next ch; repeat from * across until row measures 18 in. (45.7 cm.), having an uneven number of tr. Cut off remaining ch, 4 ch, turn.

2nd Row: Miss first tr, * 1 tr into next tr, 1 ch; repeat from * ending with 1 ch, miss 1 ch, 1 tr into next ch, 4 ch, turn. Repeat 2nd row until piece measures 12 in. (30.5 cm.), omitting turning ch on last row. Fasten off.

Weaving

Cut 6 strands of contrasting colour, each 24 in. (60.9 cm.) long. Weave these strands through first row of sps on long side, leaving an even amount free on both sides for fringe.

Cut 6 more strands and weave through next row of sps, going over same one that were worked over previously. Work 4 more rows the same way.

Next Row: Continue weaving, working under sps that were worked over previously. Repeat last row to within last 6 rows, then weave last 6 rows same as first 6 rows. Stitch fringe securely on each edge. Trim ends evenly. Damp and press.

TRICK OF THE CHEF

Add 1/4 tsp. crushed caraway seed when making beef goulash.

Knit While You Relax

Sun-Top With Matching Jacket

MATERIALS: 11 ozs. Sirdar Majestic wool 3 ply in white, and 3 ozs. in red. (Sun-top takes 4 ozs. white, and 1 oz. red.) Jacket takes 7 ozs. white, and 2 ozs. red. 1 pr. each Nos. 11 and 13 knitting needles. Spare needles. Medium crochet hook. 10 buttons.

TENSION: 8 1/4 sts. and 10 1/2 rows to one inch over st.st.

MEASUREMENTS: 33-34 inch bust. Sun-top: Length 20 ins. to shoulder. Jacket: Length 22 ins.

ABBREVIATIONS: K, knit; p, purl; st (s) stitch (es); in (s) inch(es); st.st., stocking stitch; inc, increase; dec, decrease; rep, repeat; rem, remain(ing); foll, following; alt, alternate; beg, beginning; cont, continue; patt, pattern.

SUN-TOP

The Front

On No. 13 needles cast on 120 sts. in white wool. Work in k.2, p.2 rib for 4 ins. Change to No. 11 needles and st.st., and inc. 1 st. at both ends of 5th and every foll. 6th row until there are 144 sts. Cont. straight until work measures 13 ins. from beg. ending p. row.

Shape Armholes:—

Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at beg. of foll. 8 rows. (120 sts.)

Next row: Rib, beg. k.1, * p.2, k.2, rep. from * to last 3 sts. p.2, k.1. Work foll. row as st. come. Rib 3 more rows.

Next row: Make slots. (wrong side facing). Rib 53 sts. Turn and rib 9 more rows straight. Break wool and leave these sts. on spare needle. With wrong side facing, rib 10 rows on next 14 sts. of rem. 67 sts. Break off wool and slip these sts. with the sts. already on spare needle. On rem. 53 sts. rib 10 rows, then rib across all sts. for 4 rows. (120 sts.) (sew in loose ends when completing garment).

Shape Neck:—

Next row: (wrong side) Rib 11, cast off 10, rib 11, cast off 10, rib 11.

Next row: Rib 11, cast on 10, rib 11. Work on these 32 sts. leaving rem. sts. on spare needle. Rib 18 rows straight.

16th row: (wrong side) Rib 11, cast off 10, rib 11, cast on 10, rib 11. Rib 18 rows straight. Rep. 19th and 20th rows once more, then rib 9 rows straight.

Shape shoulder (right side):—

Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. 1 st. at beg. of next 4 alt. rows. (32 sts.) Rib one row then cont. thus: 1st row (right side facing): Rib 11, cast off 10, rib 11. 2nd row: Rib 11, cast on 10, rib 11. Rib 18 rows straight, then rep. 1st and 2nd rows once more. Rep. from 1st row to last 44 sts. Patt. straight for 6 rows.

Shape Neck:—

18th row: P.12, rib 120 sts. p.12. Work 3 rows straight in patt.

16th row: P.12, rib 11, cast off 10, rib 78, cast off 10, rib 11. p.12.

17th row: K.12, rib 11, cast on 10, rib 78, cast on 10, rib 11. K.12.

Shape Neck:—

18th row: P.12, rib 32, cast off 56 sts. rib 32, p.12. Leave rem. sts. on spare needle and work on last 44 sts. Patt. straight for 6 rows.

Shape Armhole:—

Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. 1 st. at beg. of next 4 alt. rows. (32 sts.) Rib one row then cont. thus: 1st row (right side facing): Rib 11, cast off 10, rib 11. 2nd row: Rib 11, cast on 10, rib 11. Rib 18 rows straight, then rep. 1st and 2nd rows once more. Rep. from 1st row to last 44 sts. Patt. straight for 6 rows.

Shape Neck:—

18th row: P.12, rib 32, cast off 56 sts. rib 32, p.12. Leave rem. sts. on spare needle and work on last 44 sts. Patt. straight for 6 rows.

Shape Armhole:—

Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. 1 st. at beg. of next 4 alt. rows. (32 sts.) Rib one row then cont. thus: 1st row (right side facing): Rib 11, cast off 10, rib 11. 2nd row: Rib 11, cast on 10, rib 11. Rib 18 rows straight, then rep. 1st and 2nd rows once more. Rep. from 1st row to last 44 sts. Patt. straight for 6 rows.

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11 sts. in st.st. and making last inc. break wool and leave sts. on spare needle. Rib 11 rows straight on next 30 sts. break wool and slip sts. on to a spare needle. On rem. sts. work 17 rows in patt; making last inc. (57 sts.)

Change back to No. 11 needles and white wool and work in st.st. inc. 1 st. at both ends of 5th and every foll. 6th row until there are 144 sts. P. one row.

Shape Sleeves:— Cast on 2 sts. at beg. of next 8 rows: Cast on 18 sts. at beg. of foll. 2 rows (192 sts.) Work straight until sleeve edge measures 8 ins. ending p. row.

Shape Shoulders:— Cast off 12 sts. at beg. of next 12 rows: Cast off rem. 48 sts.

The Right Front On No. 11 needles cast on 84 sts. in white wool. Work 8 rows in st.st. P. one row on right side. P. next row. Cont. in st.st. dec. 1 st. at beg. of every foll. 10th row until 80 sts. rem. but at same time make a double buttonhole on next 11th row as folls. k.4, cast off 4, k.8, cast off 4, k. to end. On next row cast on 4 sts. over double buttonhole. Make a second buttonhole in same way on foll. 17th-18th rows. When 80 sts. rem. change to No. 13 needles and work next row thus (right side facing) k.24 white, rib 66 red, beg. p.2, k.2.

Next row: Rib 56 red, p.24 white. (Note: when changing colour during a row, twist the wools each time to prevent a hole forming. Cont. straight keeping patt. of 24 sts. in white st.st. and 56 sts. in red ribbing, for 18 rows in all.

Next Row (right side): K.4, cast off 4 sts. k.8, cast off 4, k.4, rib 20 red; take a second ball of white wool and rib 36 sts. in white. On foll. row complete 2 buttonholes and keep patt. of 36 white, 20 red and 24 white. Patt. 18 rows straight.

On next 2 rows make a second buttonhole (the d. buttonholes are worked in pairs).

Next row: Change back to No. 11 needles, white wool and st.st. inc. 1 st. at beg. of every foll. 6th row until there are 90 sts. but on 13th row (from ribbing) make a d. buttonhole. Make a second d. buttonhole on 17th-18th rows from previous button-

holes. When there are 90 sts. (wrong side) inc. once into k. one row.

Shape Sleeve:— Cast on 2 sts. at beg. of next and foll. 3 alt. rows. K. one row. Cast on 18 sts. at beg. of next row. (114 sts.) Work straight at sleeve edge for 8 ins. but at same time make another d. buttonhole on 29th-30th rows from previous one, and make the second one on 17th-18th rows from that. Make one more d. buttonhole on 29th-30th rows from last one. (0 d. buttonholes in all.) Work 4 rows straight, ending with p. row.

Shape Neck:— Next row: K. first 24 sts. on to spare needle, cast off 2 sts. k. to end. Dec. at neck edge at beg. of every row, 2 sts., 6 times, then 1 st. 4 times; at same time when sleeve measures 8 ins. from beg. ending with k. row.

Shape Shoulder:— Cast off 12 sts. at beg. of next and foll. 5 alt. rows.

The Left Front Work to match Right Front, reversing all shapings and omitting buttonholes.

To Make Up Press st.st. carefully under cloth. Do not press any of the ribbing. Join shoulder seams. Collar: (right side facing) Beg. at right front edge, on No. 13 needles and white wool, k.24 sts. from spare needle, then pick up along neck edge in red wool, 34 sts. to right shoulder seam, 48 sts. along back neck, 34 sts. along left front neck and k.24 sts. in white (using a second ball of wool) from spare needle. Work these 104 sts. thus: 1st row: (wrong side) P.24 white, rib 116 sts. red. (beg. p.2, k.2) P.24 white. 2nd row: K.24 white, rib 116 red, k.24 white. Patt. straight, (twist wools when changing colour) but on 16th-17th rows make a d. buttonhole at the right front edge. Patt. straight for 10 more rows.

11th row: Cast off 24 white, rib 116 red, k.24 white.

12th row: Cast off 24 white, in red rib to end. Rib another 23 rows red, then cast off loosely ribwise. Fold the ribbing inwards and hem into position. Inside neck edge. Turn in facings on right and left fronts and sew. Sew top of facings neatly and white edges of d. buttonholes. Press lightly as wrong side. Make a one-inch hem at each sleeve edge. Make sleeve and side seams. Turn up and hem lower edge of jacket. Sew on 10 buttons.

THE JACKET The Back On No. 11 needles cast on 132 sts. in white wool. Work 8 rows in st.st. p. one row on right side (for hem line). P. next row. Now cont. in st.st. dec. 1 st. at both ends of next 11th and every foll. 10th row until 24 sts. rem. P. one row. Change to No. 13 needles and red wool and rib k.2, p.2 for 16 rows. Change to white wool and cont. in rib for 22 rows. Change to red wool and rib k.2, p.2 for 18 rows from previous button-

holes. When there are 90 sts. (wrong side) inc. once into k. one row.

Shape Sleeve:— Cast on 2 sts. at beg. of next and foll. 3 alt. rows. K. one row. Cast on 18 sts. at beg. of next row. (114 sts.) Work straight at sleeve edge for 8 ins. but at same time make another d. buttonhole on 29th-30th rows from previous one, and make the second one on 17th-18th rows from that. Make one more d. buttonhole on 29th-30th rows from last one. (0 d. buttonholes in all.) Work 4 rows straight, ending with p. row.

Shape Neck:— Next row: K. first 24 sts. on to spare needle, cast off 2 sts. k. to end. Dec. at neck edge at beg. of every row, 2 sts., 6 times, then 1 st. 4 times; at same time when sleeve measures 8 ins. from beg. ending with k. row.

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holes. When there are 90 sts. (wrong side) inc. once into k. one row.

New Molasses Pudding Has A Velvety Texture

By IDA BAILEY ALLEN

"ANYONE who likes gingerbread will be enthusiastic over this molasses pudding that has just been perfected," observed the Chef. "The texture is like velvet, yet it is light as a feather. And the flavour is delicate because we use unsulphured molasses. It belongs on our honour roll of desserts."

"It would be perfect to serve for Sunday dinner, Chef," I added.

Molasses Pudding: Sift together 2 1/4 c. already-sifted enriched flour, 3/4 c. sugar, 3/4 tsp. nutmeg, 1 1/2 tsp. cinnamon and 1/2 tsp. salt. Add 1/2 c. shortening. Chop in with a pastry blender, to resemble coarse crumbs. Stir in 1/2 c. fine-chopped nuts.

Combine 1 c. unsulphured molasses, 1 c. cold water and 1 tsp. baking soda. Alternate the crumbs and liquid in layers in a buttered or margarine 8" x 8" x 2" square pan; start and end with crumbs. Stir gently 3 times with a fork.

Bake 1 hr. in a moderate oven, 350° F. Serve warm, cut in squares, 1 tbsp. cream cheese topping on each; pass lemon sauce.

Cream Cheese Topping: Blend until smooth 6 oz. cream cheese with 2 tbsp. milk.

Lemon Sauce: In a saucepan, mix 2 tbsp. cornstarch, 1/4 c. sugar and 1/4 tsp. salt. Gradually stir in 2 c. boiling water. Cook, stir until boiling, thickened and clear.

Stir in 3 tbsp. lemon juice, 1 tsp. grated lemon rind and 2 tsp. butter or margarine. Do not boil. Use warm.

For an alternate old-fashioned molasses sauce, follow the preceding directions, but use only 1/3 c. sugar and 1 1/4 c. water and add 1/3 c. unsulphured molasses.

DINNER

Tossed Green Salad
Beef Goulash Buttered Noodles
String Beans with Peas
Molasses Pudding
Coffee Tea Milk



Served warm, with a cream cheese topping and lemon sauce, this molasses pudding would be a fine dessert.

Leather In The Limelight

By ELEANOR ROSS

FURNITURE manufacturers set up such delightful and instructive model displays that, to many of us, are just as intriguing and exciting as any fashion show. Plenty of gay gimmicks are used, too, such as a real cow—a purple one, no less—the centre of attraction at a leather show. The cow was arrayed in a purple coat and his horns were festooned with orchids.

VERY GAY ROOMS

The rooms were very gay, too, and designed to display the versatility and beauty of leather for decorative purposes. Once leather was used sparingly in the home. There was a big old leather chair and perhaps a small table or a desk with a leather top.

But now leather is used in more cover-

ing, wall panelling, coffee table tops, furniture and floor panels. It is used in conjunction with such materials as wood, stone, rattan, steel and cork.

INLAID WITH BRASS

Very striking and rather like a stage set was a den with floor and walls of white leather, inlaid with brass. White leather draperies were held on rods with straps slipped through brass buckles and there was a beauty of a chair covered with dull gold leather.

In another setting, there was a white leather door, spatter-dashed with red and green to match a wall of striped cotton.

A famous furniture store does a series of delightful rooms built around the theme "A House in Town." There was a room with green leather walls, a room with red leather walls, a room with blue leather walls, a room with yellow leather walls, a room with orange leather walls, a room with purple leather walls, a room with pink leather walls, a room with white leather walls, a room with black leather walls, a room with grey leather walls, a room with brown leather walls, a room with tan leather walls, a room with olive leather walls, a room with teal leather walls, a room with light blue leather walls, a room with dark blue leather walls, a room with light green leather walls, a room with dark green leather walls, a room with light yellow leather walls, a room with dark yellow leather walls, a room with light orange leather walls, a room with dark orange leather walls, a room with light pink leather walls, a room with dark pink leather walls, a room with light purple leather walls, a room with dark purple leather walls, a room with light blue leather walls, a room with dark blue leather walls, a room with light green leather walls, a room with dark green leather walls, a room with light yellow leather walls, a room with dark yellow leather walls, a room with light orange leather walls, a room with dark orange leather walls, a room with light pink leather walls, a room with dark pink leather walls, a room with light purple leather walls, a room with dark purple leather walls.

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HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Good cleaners and bleaches can be easily damaged by improper use in cutting cardboard, paper, heavy cord and wire. This is likely not only to dull them but also to cause the blades to come out of adjustment. Never use the points in prying anything open. This can bend or break the points.

Stains from soft drinks can be removed by sponging with cold water and alcohol. Do not use hot water on fresh stains as it may make the stains set.

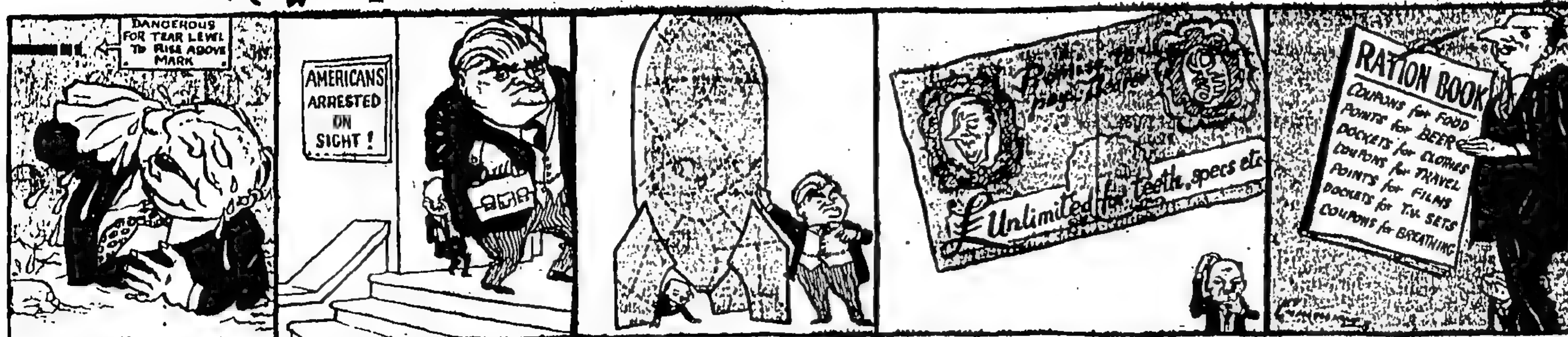
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Gummings presents some possible new Ministries...



Mr. Griffiths—Minister of Tears
One worn every hour for down-trodden masses of Asia

Mr. Bevan—Minister of Co-existence with the East

Mr. Bevan—Minister of Peace
Constructs it-homb which collapses as soon as it is put in aircraft

Mr. Gaittelli—Minister of Paper
Ministry produces little bits of paper which bounce

Mr. Strachey—Minister of Literature
London Express Service

By SIR BEVERLEY BAXTER, MP

AN INCIDENT IN MOSCOW HIGHLIGHTS A QUESTION

ALLOW me to introduce to you no less a person than Mr. Peter Brook. You would like him if you met him. He is short, wistful, gentle, and seems slightly puzzled but also amused.

For a long time he has been a famous figure in the London theatre, but recently he hit the headlines of the world with a mighty splash. He had taken a brilliant company of actors from London to play "Hamlet" in Moscow. Incidentally, he himself has some Russian blood in his veins and speaks the language fairly well.

The Moscow Theatre was crowded to the guns on the opening night. The wistful Peter had done all he could as a producer, and took his seat in the front row of the stalls to witness his own and Shakespeare's triumph—in that order.

Everything went well until the moment when Paul Scofield was to intone the incomparable monologue, "To be or not to be." A Russian photographer brought up his tripod and prepared to photograph the star. Whereupon the youthful Mr Brook rose from his

seat, wrenched the camera off the tripod and hurled it on the aisle. Then he resumed his seat while the photographer bent a sulky retreat, dragging his tripod behind him. Mr Brook was on the front page of the world's newspapers next day except, of course, in Moscow.

I first became aware of this infant prodigy of the British theatre during the Hitler war when I went to a small out-lying theatre to see Jean Cocteau's "Infernal Machine," produced by the unknown Peter Brook, who had just come down from Oxford University and was too under-sized for military service. Perhaps you will permit me to quote from my review in the London Evening Standard at that time:

IN A HURRY

"I believe that in Peter Brook we have a new producer who may develop into something significant. He is a young man in a hurry, having been a professional script-writer at sixteen, producing 'Doctor Faustus,' at seventeen as an undergraduate at Oxford, as well

as writing and directing a film of Sterne's 'A Sentimental Journey.' In this present production of 'Infernal Machine' he contrived to give a sense of space even to the miniature area of the Chanticleer Theatre and drove his actors to a splendid emotional climax.

"Mr Brook has a rare combination of gifts, inasmuch as he is a sensitive artist and something of a thruster. He gave me no peace until I went to 'Infernal Machine' and I am grateful for his pertinacity."

In no time our hero crossed the great divide between the centre of London and the suburbs. With his soft voice and wistful eyes he produced plays with some of London's most glittering stars in the cast. "He has a whim of iron," said John Gielgud. Dame Edith Evans looked at him and said: "But you ought to be in the nursery."

The years passed by, he married, but he grew no older and no taller. When the war was over he rose in theatrical stature until he was among the three best producers in London. For

certain types of plays he was Number One producer.

Then he had a mad idea. Why shouldn't grand opera singers be made to act? Instead of throwing their chests out and waving their arms, why not coax and bully them into living the parts that they were playing.

So he was appointed Producer-in-Chief of the Royal Covent Garden Opera House. It was a quaint sight at rehearsals. The miniature Peter was like the little Revenge in conflict with the vast galleons of the Spanish Armada. Fat tenors could hardly see him, and huge prima donnas lost him altogether.

HUGE FUN

But Peter became bored with trying to make singers act and concentrated instead on lighting effects. This was huge fun. In fact, he indulged in such startling experiments that you could hardly hear the music. Then he tired of being an electrician and returned to the theatre.

All of which is a preamble to the incident of Moscow. Let us be frank and even indiscreet. When Peter threw that camera into the aisle at Moscow, there was a mighty roar of approval in Britain. "It's about time!" said the British man in the street—and that admirable expression of opinion was echoed across the country and throughout the civilised world.

The Russian does not change. He belongs neither to Asia nor to Europe, yet he is part of both. Of his bravery as a soldier there is no question, for he marched against the Kaiser's army in 1914 with nothing but the courage of his heart and an out-of-date rifle. And a war later, when Hitler played his last trump at Stalingrad, the Russians held on with the same spirit as Verdun when the defendant cried: "Aux armes les morts!"

NOT NORMAL

Russia was doomed to Communism. The faltering fingers of decadent, weakening Tsars could no longer hold the crown. The people had never known freedom, and when they had it for a short spell under Kerensky they did not know what to do with this strange thing.

Therefore, in judging the Russia of today, we must realise that we are not dealing with a normal government. It is, in fact, a revolutionary government theoretically and spiritually at war with the Western Democracies. Hitler was right when he said that Nazism and Democracy could not both survive. Nor do I believe that Democracy and Communism can live side by side for ever.

You will remember that it was the Liberal Kerensky who led the revolutionary Russian revolution in 1917—revolution that proved to be a mere

man raker to the bloody drama that was to follow, with Lenin and Trotsky as the stars. Sometime later I talked with Kerensky in London. He had the typical round head of the Muscovite, but his mind was tuned to the civilisation of the West. "I gave Russia five months of freedom," he said, "and once a nation has known freedom even for five months, it will never rest until it is free again."

A PARADOX

Philosophically, he may have been right, but he forgot one thing. The conditions under which the mob can overthrow its rulers by violence is now a thing of the past. If Louis XVI had had a dozen machine-guns, the French Revolution might never have taken place. Only in the Democracies are the people strong enough to overthrow their rulers.

Therefore we face this paradox. The rulers of Russia today can afford neither total peace nor total war. If there were peace the Western world would grow more and more prosperous, with a steadily rising standard of living for the people. In time that would destroy the Russian revolution, for the Muscovites would not be content and therefore would not remain silent.

Yet Russia cannot go to war on the grand scale because, as a nation, she is a concentrated target, whereas the Western Allies are spread across the seas. General Gruenher, the brilliant American Commander-in-Chief of the NATO Forces in Europe, has made no secret of his belief that if war with Russia broke out today the effective resistance of the Soviet would be a only matter of weeks—and not very many of them.

It may well be the realisation of this fact that brought about the startling change of front in the Kremlin. Stalin was no more — and no one believes that his departure from this world was caused by a cold in his head. Even the Kremlin cannot hide its secrets from the eyes of history.

WARNING

Russia's cold war was lost by two events: first, Truman's instantaneous action when North Korea attacked the South, and second, when Britain and America organised the airlift to West Berlin.

A revolutionary government cannot resist defeat in the field or in diplomacy. Yet neither can it remain inactive. So Molotov, the man of iron, became the ambassador of goodwill to the West. Geneva was the permanent gathering point of jolly old pals. Caviare and champagne were the weapons of the new diplomacy, and there was no shortage of either.

Instead of being a fortress, Moscow became almost a Butlin holiday camp. The Lord Mayor of London went there and came back full of enthusiasm. "I was allowed to see everything," he told us during a banquet at the Mansion House. But Mayors are like that!

While everyone was hailing this happy change, there was a distinguished Egyptian visitor to London trying to get a hearing. "I warn you," he said, "that the Russians are coming into the Middle East. They are sending arms from Czechoslovakia so that Egypt can make war on Israel. Unless you act quickly you will see the Arabs sliding all over."

The verdict of the Londoners whom he met was that he was probably a rich man suffering from nerves. That may have been true, but when Egypt attacked Israel we wished that we had taken more account of his words. But there was one figure that was more important to Russian eyes than any Arab or Egyptian. What of that? Handsome

melancholy mystic, Pandit Nehru, who achieved the miracle of changing India into a republic within the orbit of the British Empire? Is it not a fact that Britain imprisoned this man over and over again? Is it not a fact that his wife died during one of his incarcerations? Is it not a fact that he supplied the brains to Gandhi's mysticism?

Marshal Bulganin and Prime Minister Krushchev arrived in India with beaming faces and were cheered wherever they appeared. The Indians have a love of pomp and processions, and these representatives of a people's Communist state were doing things on a scale that brought back memories of the great days of the Victorians. But something went wrong. Mr. Nehru, General Secretary of the Congress Party, made a public speech in which he quoted Gandhi as saying: "Lenin's cult will not take root in India's soil."

The Russians were hurt. They really were. How could it be that a down-trodden people, held in slavery for so many years by British Imperialism, would dare to allow its spokesman to quote such an offensive statement? Surely Mr. Nehru would have the offender shot, or at least flogged.

PUZZLED

Not for the first time the Muscovite was puzzled by the phenomenon of Great Britain and her family of nations. Here was Nehru, who languished in prison at the hands of the British tyrants, now telling his Russian guests that Lenin was content to be a republic within the British Commonwealth.

How in the name of vodka could a republic be part of a Commonwealth whose titular head was a Queen? Nor was India the only example. There was Eire, who fought so long for her liberty and then doesn't take it when it is offered.

I have no doubt that more than once on this visit Mr. Krushchev and Marshal Bulganin said to each other: "How can we Muscovites ever hope to understand the mysteries of the inscrutable West?"

At any rate the Russian Government decided to let off the biggest atomic bomb yet. It was no doubt an enormous bang, but it did not make as much stir in Britain as when almost at the same time, a British Foreign Office official stated publicly that he considered Marshall Bulganin hypocritical.

I am proud to tell you that he was at once demoted to rank, although it was his only lapse in ten years. If diplomats start saying what they think, where are we?

THE LESSON

Let me end where I began. When Peter Brook threw the camera up the aisle it was because he wanted the audience to concentrate on those words:

"To be, or not to be: That is the question."

It is the question before the whole world today. In Britain we have a feeling that the world will never see real peace or real war again. But can Russia take the gamble of peace?

We think that she has no alternative. She will stir up trouble in the undeveloped territories of the world. She will try to urge Germany to fight a war for re-education. But she will not get far. Civilisation has at last learned its lesson and is armed with mighty weapons. I believe that another world war is not to be.

WELL, WHAT D'YOU KNOW!

Who Said The World Is Round?

THERE is so much talk, these days, about space travel and other planets, that it makes a pleasant change to come down to Earth sometimes and consider some of the interesting things we know about our own world.

Lyric writers would be horrified if we robbed them of their favourite line about the sun "sinking in the West" but, strictly speaking, of course, it is the Earth which is coming up. "Turning on its axis," as our geography master used to say.

Most people think the Earth is shaped like an orange. But that idea gives some scientists the pips. They say the Earth is drying up gradually, and in the process is changing its shape to a tetrahedron—a pyramid with four faces. Solid land juts out at the South Pole, but in the Arctic, at the other end of the world, there is sea, and the land areas of the Earth form, as it were, three faces—America, Europe and Africa, eastern Asia and Australia... if you see what they mean.

It is a fact, of course, that the seas are drying up. We can tell that from the large tracts of sandy wastes on the Earth. Most of the water sucked up from the sea by the Sun returns to Earth as rain, but a certain amount is lost in the soil. Still, there's no need to worry just yet about the Queen Mary being grounded. It will take about a thousand million years for the Atlantic to dry up altogether.

TWO-THIRDS WATER

The world isn't exactly short of water at the moment. Seas and lakes occupy about 140 million—or roughly two-thirds—of the 197 million square miles which make up the total area of the Earth. That may sound a lot of water, but the figure pales to insignificance when you know that the Sun is a million and a quarter times as big!

It's a good thing the Earth's tilt puts us at an angle to the Sun. If the world were to spin in an upright position, our summers would be colder than the winters we know now. You

see, the Earth is further away from the Sun during the summer than it is in the winter.

Mind you, our world doesn't spin very neatly. It wobbles round like a top. In fact, the North Pole of the Earth's axis describes a circle, which takes about 25,800 years to complete.

The Earth doesn't always rotate at the same speed, either. The pull of tides and the resistance caused by meteorites striking the Earth tend to slow it down. But then the Earth is gradually wearing away, and the smaller it gets the faster it spins. So things balance out pretty well.

MARS'S YEAR

Mars is the only other heavenly body beside the Earth and the Moon whose exact period of rotation is known. Mars takes about 37 minutes longer than the 24 hours it takes the Earth to turn round completely. But because Mars is much further away from the Sun, its year is twice as long as ours.

If Martians do exist, and they decide to fire rockets at us, they will find the direction of them will be affected by the spin of the planet. It has been proved that the Earth's rotation causes projectiles to move to the right in the Northern Hemisphere and to the left in the South.

Some people on Earth are less worried about the chances of an interplanetary war than the prospect of a collision with another world. Perhaps they don't know that we have already passed unharmed through the tail of a comet on more than one occasion.

We haven't yet collided with a comet head-on. Just as well, perhaps, for no one seems quite sure what the head of a comet would be made of. It might be dust, gravel-size pieces of rock, or lumps as big as boulders. However, we needn't lose any sleep over the thought; astronomers estimate that a head-on crash is unlikely to occur more than once in 15 million years.

Just a word of warning to the over-exuberant. Every action produces a reaction, and every time we jump up, the Earth moves down a bit—and what with all this "living going on today," astronomers may be wondering what on Earth is happening!

(CONTINUED)

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ARTIE...



"Of course like the hydrogen bomb we first invented this too!"

PARADE

A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

1620 COMPASS A compass of the kind used in 1620 is being made for the new Mayflower, the replica of the Pilgrim Fathers' ship which is to be sailed across the Atlantic to commemorate the original crossing.

The help of the National Maritime Museum has been sought in making drawings of the old instruments. They include a compass made with a wooden bowl and cardboard compass card, a cross staff of pear wood—this was the forerunner of the modern sextant for fixing a ship's position from sun

and stars—and a traverse board for recording course and distance.

The Mayflower sails next summer to the United States and Canada. The cost is estimated to be £100,000. The ship will be presented to the U.S. for permanent exhibition at Plymouth Rock, Massachusetts.

CHANGED TIMES

Cattle rustling is a good, old-fashioned American sport. Times, of course, have changed. Smoking revolvers and the clatter of horse's hooves play small parts nowadays. And in Texas they now call it plain cow theft.

Thrusting, 1956 style, is done with high-powered trailer trucks, portable slaughtering equipment, and all the finery of a high-class wholesale butchery business.

Between 300 and 700 cattle thefts a year are reported in Texas—most of them at this time of the year.

One reason for the seasonal nature of the raids is that the cold weather helps preserve the meat butchered out on the range.

But a bigger one is that the rustlers concentrate on yearlings missed during the annual roundup and consequently unbranded. That not only means that convicts become more difficult but also that ranchers often don't even know they've been raided. Unbranded cattle are also uncounted cattle.

To combat the thieves, the Texas Rangers—nowadays the colourful name masks a fairly ordinary police force—are equipped like an army. They have motorised units with trailers to carry horses in case they are forced to take to the saddle off the main roads. They use helicopters, portable radio sets, and high-powered cars.

Pearl handled revolvers are almost out. The law uses the ordinary police issue.

LOST ART

Mr H. Salmon, of Lucas Avenue, West Ham, is keen to form a club to recapture the "lost art of conversation." He has invited all those interested to get in touch with him, but persistent grumblers will not be eligible for membership.

Mr Salmon says: "It would be interesting to learn whether a small group could be formed in the borough of educated and informed people, members of which could occasionally meet—not so much to air a grievance, but to enjoy the mutual contact of mind and interests, to discuss the trend of events, to compare the experiences of life and to keep alive what has become almost a lost art, the art of conversation. How else can the cultural life be kept alive?"

PIIONEER JET

It may be a surprise to some people, but Britain's first jet plane was not the first man to think up or build a jet engine.

There was a jet plane flying when Sir Frank Whittle was still toddling at three years old in 1910. It was built by French Professor Henri Coanda of Paris, today, at 70 years old, adviser to the French Air Force and Navy.

Indeed, so far ahead of his time was Professor Coanda that his jet plane was in the air only seven years after the Wright brothers made the first aircraft flight in history.

When Parisians saw the Coanda plane at the 1910 Paris Air Show they roared with laughter. An aircraft without a propeller? Absurd! Professor Coanda turned to making farm machinery.

WANTED—A LAKE

Because they consider a lake essential to a tourist traffic, the City Fathers of Innsbruck (which has just about everything except a lake) have decided to build one. One mile long and half a mile wide the lake, costing £135,000, will be used as a skating rink in winter.

A WILL, A WAY

Five persons living on the third floor of an Athens house have, for the past three weeks, been communicating with the outside world by means of a bucket attached to a rope. The reason their landlord has taken away the staircase to try to force them out of the house. So far he hasn't succeeded. The "prisoners" are being supplied with food by means of the bucket and rope.

Mr Portway Packs A Rucksack To Search For His Wife

JOURNEY TO DANA. By Christopher Portway. William Kimber, 16s.

By KAY COLLIER

CHRISTOPHER PORTWAY is one of those Iron Curtain widowers whose wife went home to Central Europe for a holiday—and never came back. Being a resourceful and stubborn-minded husband Mr Portway packed a rucksack with chocolate and cigarettes and went to fetch her, visa or no visa.

After all, he had travelled on foot some 900 miles across Central Europe during the war as an escaping POW and he had managed that without any visa. Dodging border patrols on the Czech frontier was not so very different.

He had fallen in love with a girl called Dana when her family had given him shelter in their farmhouse in the little Czech village of Kralovice. His happiness made him careless then and he was recaptured by the Germans and returned to his POW camp. But later he escaped successfully and got back to England.

It was subsequently as a military policeman in the British Army of Occupation that his hatred of Germany which he had "quietly nursed for a year faltered and died" before the misery he encountered there.

A civilian

As soon as he was a civilian again he flew out to Kralovice and married Dana in a little Czech church.

They had difficulties with the Czech Foreign Office in trying to get Dana an exit visa. But Portway finally flew home to London with his bride and took her to his family in Essex. It was not without misgivings that he had separated her from her village life and family. But Dana seemed contented enough as the wife of an office worker. It was only after 10 months that she suddenly developed homesickness.

"Pushing my suspicions aside, I saw her off on March 3 from the Kensington Air Terminal," writes her husband. "Come and meet me here in a month or two," she said.

After a few weeks her letters faltered and stopped. He wrote to all her friends. "But from the land behind the Curtain came no reply." He goes on: "All through the summer I kept up

a paper war with Czechoslovak Government in London in an effort to obtain an entry visa so that I could go and look for her. They replied regularly and politely but the answer was always 'No.'"

By autumn he was desperate and growing very angry. Finally he resolved to find out for himself.

So he set off, for Czechoslovakia to find his wife. Newspaper reports about the frontier spoke of police and

military patrols, barbed wire, minefields, machine-gun towers, and Alanian dogs. "But given a piece of luck I would take them by surprise," he says.

In the end he lands himself in jail among conditions almost equally foul to those he had experienced in Germany, during the war. "I was out of practice at the greatest sport in the world—escaping."

He wrote messages on paper torn from a book of Goethe, and threw them to bread-boys through his cell window. But

they were intercepted by the guards.

He lingered in prison until just before Christmas (he had left London in November), when he was told to prepare himself for a visitor. It was his wife. She had come to ask him for a divorce.

Mr Portway acceded to her request without argument or ado, restraining her departure only in order to ask her to plead for his release.

His separation from Dana was endorsed and confirmed in his presence by a Czechoslovak people's Court the same day, and he was allowed to return home.

—(London Express Service)

TRAVEL WITHOUT HARDSHIPS

By NANCY SPAIN

WHY do we like travel books? Obviously because we have all the satisfaction of foreign travel without the hardships.

Look at the just-published account of the journeyings of that famous knockabout husband-and-wife team Jack and Jacquetta (Priestley and Hawkes) whose joint opinions of South Western America in JOURNEY DOWN A RAINBOW (Heinemann and Cresset Press 18s.) have made my eyes stand out like hot pegs.

For Jack went to Dallas and Houston, Texas; two cities renowned for their size, richness, and devotion to oil wells. And Jacquetta went to Albuquerque and Santa Fe, New Mexico, townships more concerned with dancing, weaving, pottery, and museums full of relics of Indian and Spanish culture.

From time to time they wrote to one another. And it is now obvious that the only thing that Texas has in common with New Mexico is its hideous lack of comfort.

Jack, after a hard day's jolting in a bus, swigs "cascades of champagne" and "knocks back" rosy mounds of Lobster Newburgh. He refuses "halves of giant pineapples" but accepts many Scotchies for "the road."

Jacquetta's plate, on the other hand, is covered with "skinny tortillas stuffed with sludge and reddish slops."

It is no wonder, really, that Jack then has harsh, indigestion-conducted thoughts about revengeful American womanhood, football games, and cafeteria. (Jacquetta is only "horribly disappointed" in Santa Fe, and learns to like it later, and even his quite a nice time buying pots and earrings, which she fears that her husband will be cross about.)

Jack is never happy. He is bitter, angry, morose, and horribly depressing—all by turns. Perhaps this is his way of being happy? But of one thing he has made me sure: on Mr Priestley's recommendation I shall never go anywhere near Houston or Dallas, Texas. Which seems such a pity, because I love American oil kings. And I simply dote on Lobster Newburgh.

Familiar Story

I LIKE my history neat. For I that reason I was mildly vexed by Jean Plaidy's highly romanticised version of the life of Mary Queen of Scots, retold in the form of a novel, ROAD TO FOTHERINGAY (Robert Hale, 12s. 6d.).

It all begins in Stirling Castle, where Mary is a dear little girl of five, playing with four other little girls of five all called Mary. She meets the poor little Dauphin, who is so poor "I have come to love you and be your playmate," she says, and embraces him. And the Dauphin is ever so pleased. Then she briskly signs away Scotland

to France. (She is only 16 at the time.)

Then she marries the Dauphin and his ducky dices. So she is Queen of France.

So it goes on: the old, familiar story. Darnley is murdered, Bonwell abducts the Queen. She is arrested, of plotting—of heaven knows what. And she is trailed off to Fotheringay; and eventually the axe.

All of which is all very well. But I think the story of Mary Queen of Scots is too good to be told in the form of a watered-down novelette. Like Henry Ford, I like my bunkum neat.

QUICK FLIPS

THE ENORMOUS SHADOW. by Robert Harling (Chilton and Windus, 12s. 6d.). Journalists have such curious lives. Unravelling a spy case that involves an M.P. called Chance and a professor named Lewis, who are both Communists, "our Washington correspondent" falls in love with the professor's wife. This unlikely tale seems quite reasonable because it is so well told. Real Fleet Street atmosphere.

JAN. by Stella Morton (Hodder and Stoughton, 12s. 6d.). Extremely moving novel about a Polish airman who crashes in the south of Ireland, loses his memory, falls in love with an orphaning girl. Then, alas, he bangs his head and gets his memory back again and finds he is a priest. Real Irish atmosphere.

BLIND DATE. by Leigh Howard (Longmans, 12s. 6d.). Maddening would-be thriller about a man who keeps an "assignment" with a young lady and finds himself left with a corpse instead. He does manage to prove his innocence, but we are never told who the real murderer is. Unfair to readers.

DEFENCE SHOCK

'Russia is leading in atomic race'

By CHAPMAN PINCHER

A REPORT on Russia's strength in atomic science written by Harwell atom experts who visited Russia last month has shocked the defence chiefs.

It reveals that the quality and quantity of the atom scientists in Russia are far greater than Western experts had suspected, even considering the surprising Soviet successes with atomic weapons. And the numbers are still expanding rapidly.

The report warns that the Russians are way ahead of Britain in realising the importance of training top scientists and engineers for industry. Unless Britain can step up its output of highly trained specialists quickly Russia is bound to beat us in the industrial and military applications of the atom, the experts believe.

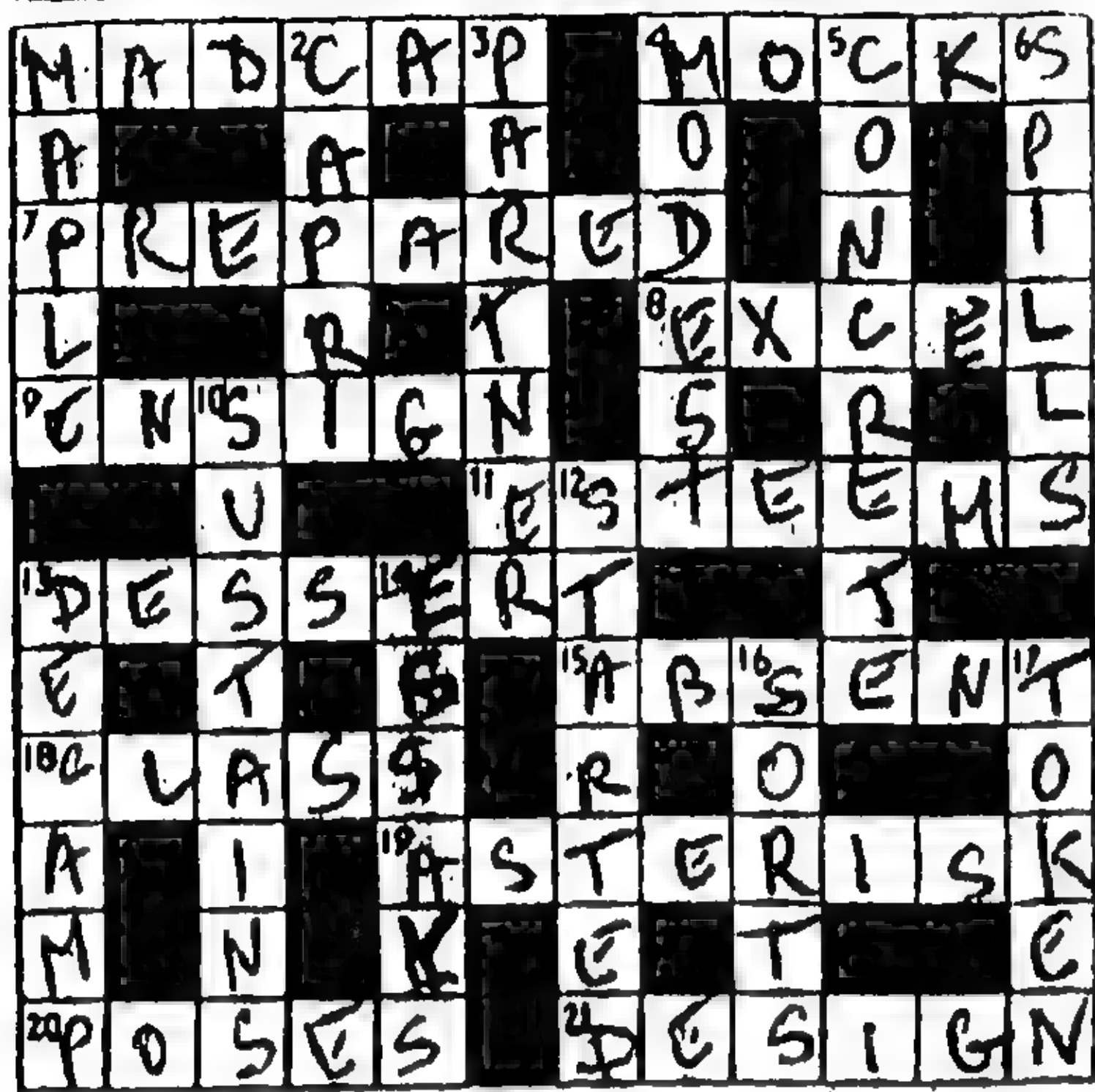
The laboratories and plants which the British experts visited near Moscow were fitted with top-quality equipment and there was no shortage of expert men and women to use it.

Dr Basil Schonland, deputy chief of the Harwell atom station, led the team of eight scientists who compiled the report.

Rocket Project. Britain and America are pooling resources to build H-bomb rockets ahead of the Russians. Specifications for an intercontinental Ballistic Missile—a super-V2—as a deterrent against attack have been drawn up jointly by British and U.S. defence chiefs.

Details of the new weapons, which is intended to replace the bombers, are secret, but it will certainly be a rocket driven by high-pressure motors.

A British Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS

- 1 Hothead (8)
- 4 Derides (5) XV
- 7 Got ready (8)
- 8 Surprise (5) XV
- 9 Flag (6)
- 11 Values highly (7)
- 13 Fruit course (7)
- 15 Not present (6)
- 16 Form (5)
- 19 Star (8)
- 20 Attitudes (5)
- 21 Plan (6)

DOWN

- 1 Tree (5)
- 2 Italian island (5)
- 3 Associate (7)
- 4 Denure (6)
- 5 Building material (8) XV
- 6 Upsets (6)
- 10 Keeps up (8)
- 12 Begun (7)
- 13 Run off (6)
- 14 Attempts (6)
- 16 Kinds (5)
- 17 Symbol (5)

All correct!

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD—Across: 1 Down, 8 Hint, 9 Tell, 10 Earn, 11 Rent, 12 Merc, 14 Derides, 17 Elude, 19 About, 22 Treated, 26 Auto, 27 Cast, 28 Another, 29 Thin, 30 Sell, 31 Redress, 32 East, Down: 2 Barred, 3 Starred, 4 Bored, 5 Blinded, 6 Trayed, 7 Biked, 12 Noll, 13 Route, 15 Blown, 16 Sile, 18 Reverse, 20 Battle, 21 Officers, 23 Range, 24 Actor, 25 Dances

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

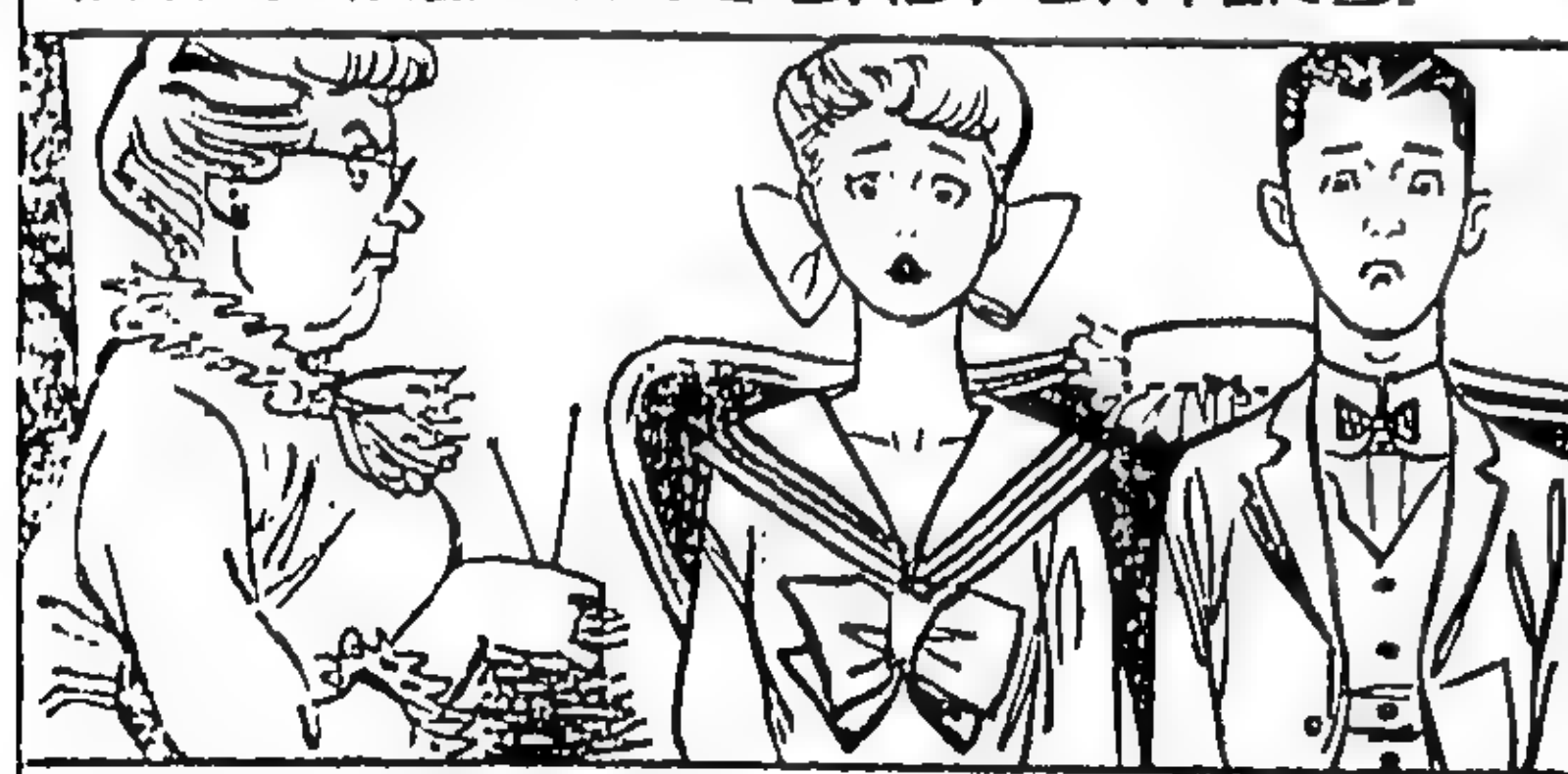
Baby Sitters

BY HARRY WEINERT



"IT SEEMS LIKE ONLY YESTERDAY..."

AT WHAT AGE DO YOUR CHILDREN NO LONGER REQUIRE BABY SITTERS? ANSWER... WHEN THE NEIGHBORS START ASKING THEM TO BE BABY SITTERS.



ONCE UPON A TIME BABY SITTERS KEPT AT IT FOR YEARS—IN THOSE DAYS THEY WERE CALLED CHAPERONES.



"LOOK OUT FOR THE LAMP!"

WHO'S BABY SITTING FOR WHO?



"WE SENT THEM TO THE MOVIES—NOW WE HAVE TO BABY SIT."

THE DOTTING RELATIVES WHO PRACTICALLY PAY FOR THE PRIVILEGE—THIS IS FROWNED UPON BY THE BABY SITTERS' LOCAL



"IS IT ALL RIGHT IF I TAKE HIM TO THE MOVIES?"



"WE'RE SO DISAPPOINTED—WE COULDN'T GET A SITTER!"

THERE IS NOTHING LIKE IT FOR TURNING DOWN INVITATIONS.



"I DIDN'T KNOW WE WERE THROWING THE PARTY!"

BEFORE LEAVING STOCK THE REFRIGERATOR—YOU NEVER KNOW HOW MANY OF THE SITTER'S ASSISTANTS WILL TURN UP.



"LET'S GO HOME—SITTERS COST MONEY!"



Available everywhere \$15.00 per bottle
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NOTICE

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

As from 5th January 1956, Admission Badges to the Members Enclosure on Race days are obtainable from the Club's Cash Sweep Office, at Queen's Building, Chater Road, and NOT from the Secretary's office at Alexandra House.

Admission Badges at \$10.00 each per day are obtainable only on the written introduction of a Member, who will be responsible for all visitors introduced by him. Payment must be in cash, and cannot be chargeable to Members accounts.

By Order of the Stewards,
A. E. ARNOLD,
Secretary.

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB
FIFTH RACE MEETING

Saturday, 14th January, 1956.

(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)

THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 8 RACES.

The First Bell will be rung at 1.30 p.m. and the First Race run at 2.00 p.m.

The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 11.45 a.m.

MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED. All persons MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting.

Admission Badges at \$10.00 each are obtainable from the Club's Cash Sweep Office, at Queen's Building, Chater Road, only on the written introduction of a Member, who will be responsible for all visitors introduced by him.

Tickets will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Box (Tel. 72811).

NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age of seventeen years, Western Standard.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each payable at the Gate.

Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.

MEALS and REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employer's boxes except for passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths in the Members' Enclosure.

CASH SWEEPS

Through Cash Sweep Tickets at \$18.00 each may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices at Queen's Building, (Chater Road), and 5, D'Almeida Street during normal office hours and until 11.00 a.m. on the day of the Race Meeting.

Particular numbers within the series 1 to 3,000 may be reserved for all race meetings as Through Tickets. Such tickets will be issued consecutively only and the right is reserved by the Stewards to cancel any reservation for Through Tickets for a particular Meeting if it is found that sales may not reach the number reserved in the series 1 to 3,000.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10.00 a.m. on Friday, 13th January, will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Tickets over 3,000 will also be issued consecutively but particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets.

The reservation of any particular number does not confer on the registered holder any rights whatsoever unless the ticket bearing the appropriate number is issued to and can be produced by the holder.

The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription also the right to remove any name from subscription lists without stating reasons for their action.

SPECIAL CASH SWEEP

Tickets for the Special Cash Sweep on the Pearce Memorial Cup scheduled to be run on 6th February 1956, at \$2.00 each, may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices.

TOTALISATOR

Backers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited.

ALL WINNING TICKETS AND TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER. NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN.

PAYMENTS WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, Tipsters, etc., will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards,
A. E. ARNOLD,
Secretary.

SATURDAY SOCCER SPOT

HONGKONG IS LUCKY TO BE FREE OF THE BIFF-&-BASH BOYS' LASHING TONGUES

By I. M. MacTAVISH

Some weeks ago, I wrote at length on the influence of the encouragement given to Hongkong's Chinese footballers by those spectators who cheer every flash of individual and collective skill. At the time of my article I commented that such a spectator reaction was in strict contrast to that of the ever thinning thousands who watch soccer in Great Britain.

Some of our prominent sporting personalities saw fit to pooh-bah my contention and produced a few hypothetical illogicalities in a counter argument.

Since then the outspoken opinions of such leading British football figures as Don Revie, Stanley Matthews and Stanley Seymour have given the doubting souls their answer, at least as far as the detrimental influence of the British biff-and-bash boys are concerned. . . . and for Hongkong I am more than ever convinced that the spectator encouragement of pure football, is one of the greatest factors in the development of our brilliant ball players.

As far as the British Isles go, two recent happenings—in England and one in Ireland—show just how deep the biff-and-bash creed has penetrated and how fortunate we are to be without it in Hongkong.

VIOLENT ATTACK

Invited to speak at a Supporters' Club meeting, the manager of a prominent League side astonished the gathering by making a violent, generalised attack on the spectators who attended the games in which his side played.

Every week the club coach, the trainer, and myself try to instill an appreciation of scientific football into our players.

We try by every means in our power to produce men who are able to think out a move, control a ball, and play constructively, but within half-an-hour of the kick-off on Saturday all our work is destroyed.

The second example, is a very different one indeed for it shows that even some club managers prefer biff and brawn to brains and skill. Sligorovers have just caused many eyes to be turned to Ireland, and not all of them are smiling—for the club has just issued a statement to the effect that it has suspended two star players for lengthy periods because, contrary to the policy of the club, they have persisted in playing too much football.

According to a newspaper report it seems that the two players had been instructed to "bust the ball-bashers" because that was what the spectators wanted to see, but they preferred to play clever constructive football and for their "crime" they are now temporarily out of work.

However, the matter is unlikely to rest there, as both men have been offered legal assistance to fight the club's decision . . . and the point at issue is apparently . . . can a man who is engaged to play football be penalised for playing too much football . . . makes you think . . . doesn't it?

Many of us in Hongkong, have very pleasant memories of the fine goalkeeping of David MacLaren, of the Royal Air Force when playing both for and against the Colony.

In common with others who know something of his intentions, I feel that the story currently circulating in football circles that he has signed for Chelsea is a little premature, or alternatively it is not quite what it seems.

First of all, MacLaren is serving on a regular engagement with the RAF and cannot, therefore, enter into a new professional contract with any club until his term of service is completed later this year. I actually discussed this very matter with him when he came to Hongkong recently with the RAF representative side.

At that time, he said that he had been approached by English clubs, but that he wanted to stay and play his football in Scotland, where he has important interests in a family business. He also said that he was determined to play professional football only on a part time basis and it is difficult to see Ted Drake agreeing to such a condition.

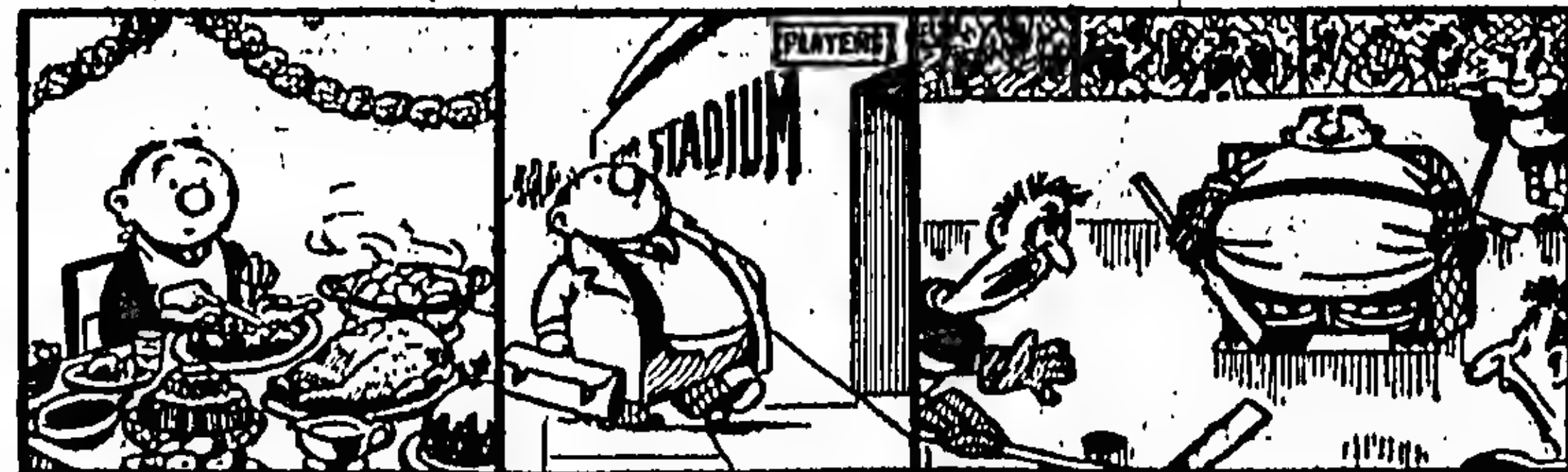
There is nothing of course to stop MacLaren signing for Chelsea or any other club as an amateur and he may have done that . . . but if so it represents a quick and complete change of intention and plans that those who know Dave will find hard to understand.

POP



SPORTING SAM

By Reg. Wootton



The Taipan's Game Is Today's Main Rugger Feature

By "PAK LO"

The main attraction this afternoon is the annual fixture locally known as the "Taipan's game." In this one team represents the Commander British Forces, and the other a well-known local sportsman.

This year the mantle has fallen on Dr J. H. McElney, an ex-rugger player of some renown, and a keen supporter of the Club. Following the game Dr McElney will entertain the players of the two fifteens and various rugby officials to dinner in the Clubhouse.

Following the major game there will be another representative game, this time between Commodore Unwin's XV and Commissioner of Police Mr Maxwell's XV.

In theory these two matches should bring forth the 80 finest players in the Colony, but there has been a crop of injuries lately, and of course the various fifteens are always keen on seeing as many of their players in the matches as is possible and as a result there are some curious selections.

Very few people will therefore agree with the final selections, but despite that the teams are evenly balanced and should produce two excellent games.

The first and minor match starts at 3.00 p.m. with the Taipan's game following at 4.15 p.m., not the other way round as your fixture cards have it. Both games will be played on the Club ground.

TAIPAN'S GAME

In the Taipan's game the Army, as expected, have the preponderance of players with a total between the two teams of thirteen, while the Club have eight, the Airman five, the Navy three, and the Police one.

The Taipan's XV has more weight in the scrum, and the better lineout forwards in Kerr and Lamb, while in Page and Hill they have two excellent fast-breaking wing forwards.

On the other side of the ledger the CBF's fifteen have the better hooker in Barker, and two wing forwards, McCullagh and Penman, who are the equal of Hill and Page. In the loose the Taipan's side should have a slight advantage.

Behind the scrum on the Taipan's side are Parkinson and Kerr. These two have played together before, which is a decided advantage, while Glen and O'Kelly are strangers to one another.

Behind the respective halves there is little to choose from, but the CBF's set look the faster, particularly on one wing where Lewis of the RAF is playing. Inside him, he has Fraser, also of the RAF, and the other centre is that master of the deceptive sidestepping Gerard.

In defence the Taipan's XV should prove the stronger for at full back they have Rowe, and their three are all good tacklers.

To sum up, the CBF's XV should get the ball in the tight scrums, and the Taipan's in the loose and lineouts, and with the stronger attacking threats, the CBF's XV look on paper the more likely to win, but a reversal of fortune would not be by any means impossible.

FIRST GAME

The other game is slightly easier to prophesy on, for Mr Maxwell's XV has Cornish and Jackman as the two halves, while Commodore Unwin's XV has Stewart and McGarrity.

The latter two are not as good as the others, and as Mr Maxwell's team looks the

Prize fight



PRECIOUS DROP FOR PRECIOUS MOMENTS



Famous Sports Stars I Have Met

Bob Holmes By ARCHIE QUICK

The last of Proud Preston North End's "Invincibles" is dead. Bob Holmes, the right half, died aged 88—the last of the eleven who won in 1888-89 season the FA Cup without conceding a goal and the First Division Championship, without suffering a point! It will never happen again.

I met him only once, in May 1954, a most disappointed man because his beloved North End had been relegated 3-2 by West Bromwich Albion. But he was hale and hearty, and how proud he was that he had had breakfast in bed at one of London's leading hotels, his shoes cleaned and a whole chicken for lunch. He carried, his years lightly, and was known as "Young Bob."

It is 72 years since Holmes joined the Newcastle club, and five years later he was in the Great side which reached the First twice in successive years, as well as finishing League champions in both seasons. Holmes, Mills-Roberts, Howarth, Ross, Russell, Graham, Gordon, Goodall, Drummond, Dewhurst, Thompson. How the names roll off the tongue with an easy familiarity.

OPPOSITE SIDE

The great Billy Meredith was at the recent Wales-Australia match, and when asked of Holmes' death he said: "Yes, I knew him well. His last international in 1895 was my first, and I was glad he was playing on the opposite side of the field. We have often met many times since because he used to attend Preston's matches up to not so very long ago."

Yet it was as a full-back that he played seven times for England and also captained his country. North End have made a habit on the three postwar occasions they have reached Wembley to take the survivors of the "Old Invincibles" along with them in the official party. The last time was a trying ordeal for Bob for he was the last of the thin red line. He had only his memories for company.

Of the first of his two Finals, the losing one against West Bromwich Bob has been quoted as saying: "Our Directors were proper duff. They took us along to see the Boat Race and we were fair perished when we got to Kennington Oval. We did not warm up until the match was over." Holmes always ridiculed the popular story that the Preston players be photographed with the trophy before they played the match—and lost.

Sports Diary

TODAY

Senior Challenge Shield
Kwong Wah v Kitchener (CAF), 3.45 p.m.; CAA v St. Joseph's (CAF), 4.15 p.m.; Eastern v Sing Tao (HK Stadium), 5.30 p.m.

Junior Challenge Shield
Sing Tao v HK (HK Stadium), 2 p.m.; Kitchener v HK (Navy), 2.30 p.m.

Ladies' League Services HC v KGV "B" (BS), 2.30 p.m.; KGV "A" v Kitchener (CAF), 3.45 p.m.; Dorians "B" (HV), 2.30 p.m.; Victorians v Kitchener (CAF), 4 p.m.; KGV "A" v Dorians "A" (BS), 4 p.m.

1st Division: Cricket
Navy v University "B" v DBS, 2nd Division: Army "B" v DBS, 3rd Division: KGV v Navy, 4 p.m.; Navy v University "B" v DBS, 4 p.m.

1st Division: Cricket
Navy v University "B" v DBS, 2nd Division: Army "B" v DBS, 3rd Division: KGV v Navy, 4 p.m.; Navy v University "B" v DBS, 4 p.m.

Rectangular Tournament: Rest of Colony v First of Services (Club), 3 p.m.; KGV v Navy (CAF), 4.15 p.m.; McElney's XV (CAF), 4.15 p.m.

TOMORROW

Senior Challenge Shield
Army v South China (HK Stadium), 2.30 p.m.

Junior Challenge Shield
Tung Wah v Eastern (Club), 3.30 p.m.; KGV v Navy (CAF), 4.15 p.m.; KGV v Navy (CAF), 4.15 p.m.; KGV v Navy (CAF), 4.15 p.m.

Men's 1st Division: Army v KGV "B" (CAF), 4 p.m.; KGV "A" v Kitchener (CAF), 4.15 p.m.; Dorians "B" (HV), 2.30 p.m.; Victorians v Kitchener (CAF), 4 p.m.; KGV "A" v Dorians "A" (BS), 4 p.m.

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Yvonne Sugden

BRITAIN'S OLYMPIC HOPES

On track and field, in gymnastics, baths, in towns and villages up and down the country, Britain's top athletes are preparing for a tilt at the biggest prize amateur sport has to offer—an Olympic Gold Medal. What are their chances?

This series takes you into the dressing rooms, and shows the athletes, introduces you to the men and women who hope for the honour of wearing the Union Jack on their track suits in Melbourne next year. It tells the story of their rise to fame, their hopes and fears.

Champion At 16, And All Because Of That Rainy Afternoon

By ERIC NICHOLLS

"If you want to succeed as a figure skater, you must do what is necessary in any sport—train and practise very hard. I spend four or five hours every day practising glides, turns and jumps. I am sure everyone at Streatham Ice Rink must be heartily sick of music from Swan Lake, but every note means a great deal to me—perhaps, in the end, even an Olympic Gold Medal."

Who spoke those words of wisdom. A Champion? Yes. But this mature advice comes from a little Miss who at 16 has just been permitted her first lipstick, her first earrings. She is Britain's Senior Ice Skating Champion, Yvonne Sugden.

That sums up the determination of this young lady. And the fact that Yvonne has only just been allowed such adult feminine adornments emphasises the strict but sensible parental control.

Success has not been allowed to interfere with Yvonne's education. She is fluent in French, proficient in German. She has won medals for dancing, too, and enjoys her swimming and week-end golf. And she can cook.

QUITE BY CHANCE

Like most success stories, Yvonne's has a strange beginning. She started along the road to skating fame quite by chance. It was the weather, a cinema queue and Pinocchio. The Sugdens took seven-year-old Yvonne to see the Walt Disney show at a Kensington cinema. Rain and long queues forced them to seek their Saturday afternoon entertainment elsewhere.

So they took little Yvonne along to the local ice-rink by way of a consolation. And little Yvonne, struck by the speed and grace of the skaters, pleaded with mother to let her try. So next day those infant feet were encased in skates, and another part of her diminutive body was coming into regular and violent contact with the ice.

But Yvonne was not discouraged. She became a frequent visitor to Streatham Ice Rink. Three months later she turned down an invitation to join a children's ice-gala on the grounds that she was "not yet good enough to perform in public."

The Sugdens, realising they had a perfectionist daughter on their hands, sought advice from instructor Jacques Gerschweiler, the man who trained Jeanette Altwegg, a 1952 Olympic Gold medalist.

His advice was: "Let her concentrate and she could be a Champion. Take her away from school, get her a governess, let her train four hours a day for five mornings a week, and we will see how keen she is at the end of a year."

STILL KEEN

She was still keen. So keen, and talented, in fact, that at nine she was the proud holder of a novice silver cup; at ten she had gained third place in the British Junior Championships; at 11 she was sixth in the Senior Championships behind help-mate

Jeanette Altwegg, and invited to make her first overseas appearance as an "extra" in the World Championships at Milan.

It was not beginner's luck, either. Yvonne proved that beyond doubt, when, by winning the Senior Championship of Great Britain last month, she completed a hat-trick in three successive years.

All that on top of a runner-up award in the 1954 European Championships in Budapest, and appearances before delighted spectators in Italy, Norway, Switzerland, Austria, Germany and France.

The professional offers come pouring in. But modest Yvonne is too intent on preparing for the Olympic Games to worry much about them. And, says her mother, "I hope she never will accept."

"There are other things in life besides skating."

(Copyright)

Answers To Sports Quiz

1. J. W. H. T. Douglas in 1908.
2. C. B. Fry.
3. Five — Bannister, Landy, Chataway, Hewson and Taber.
4. Yes, in the Third Test at Manchester.
5. Polo, Horse Trials, Yachting and Rugby Union.
6. Maryn Rose, Ronnie Allen, Fred Norris.
7. Hobbs and Sutcliffe, Col. Llewellyn and Foxhunter.
8. Moscow, Hungary, Vienna.
9. Tony Galento.
10. Fred Perry in 1934-5-6.
11. Jack Hobbs, 81, 221.
12. Randolph Turpin.
13. Tommy Burns.
14. 78ft.
15. Athletics; Wrestling; Cricket.
16. When Jack Johnson took the world title from Tommy Burns in 1908.
17. Between 14 and 16 ozs.
18. Yachting; Motor — racing; Horse racing.
19. Diamond Sculls; Golden Gloves.
20. Johnny Williams in May 1953.

Nine-Game Card For Softball Fans This Week-end

By "TIME OUT"

Softball activities at King's Park come back into full swing this week-end as a nine-game card is featured for showdowns. With Pennant races in all divisions rounding the half-way mark, fans and players alike will be trooping out to the diamond in force for the much needed morale.

Taking top billing in this week's programme are once again the Senior Leaguers as three main tussles are slated for decision. Heading the list is the second round encounter between Eddie Marques' unpredictable Warriors and Buster Holland's youthful Blackhaws at 3.30 p.m.

In the morning affair, at 11.00 a.m. the cellar-dwelling Chinese-Americans cross bats with their closest rivals, Hongkong Pundits, while the early after-noon attraction will see Ed Carvalho's League — leading Braves tangle with the U.S. Navy contingent.

In the League section, the long-awaited return clash, between the League leaders, South China, and Wharves will have fans jamming the bleachers early in the morning as they are featured in tomorrow's curtain-raiser at 9.30 a.m.

DISTAFF SIDE

Continuing the quota of the programme, the distaff side feature two more scale games this afternoon as the Colons take on the Tung shengs while the Capucins tussle nicely with the Overalls nine.

This week's return game between the Warriors and the Blackhaws in the Senior League should be a tip-topping battle right from the word "Go!" and are at present standing half way down the League table and a loss for any side would mean "farewell" to this year's Pennant chances.

By virtue of their convincing win over the Blackhaws in the initial round, Eddie Marques' Warriors will enter the diamond as slight favourites and with the acquisition of win "mill" at "George" Wong into their roster the Warriors should not have too rough a time.

Wong will probably be thumbed for slabs during tomorrow with a stone-hearted George Ribeiro calling the shots.

The inner section in their strong line of defence will rotate around fleet-footed ball-hawk Stephen Xavier at short with Joey Reis at first while Hank Killean and Reggie Santos take second and third respectively.

In the outfield, mentor Marques has a selection from Jimmy Chen, Dick Pereira, Russ Meyer, Terry Ewins, "Sluggo" Costa and Google Marques.

BEGINNING TO CLICK

The Blackhaws on the other hand are slowly beginning to "click" as a team, and are steadily climbing up the Pennant ladder as was shown by their last two victories.

Starting out inexperienced and shaky, Buster Holland's Hawks lost their first two games by notable scores, but with a lot of hard work put in during the past month, the old Blackhaws machine got into motion and pulled them right back into the elusive flag race.

Toeing the rubber for the Hawks tomorrow will be their

star hurler, Joey Graen, whose tricky upshots and spreadballs accounted for their recent triumphs. Hiding behind the post at first while Tony Silva will be covering the keyhole. The only one who "Cuscut" Souza whose rifle-like whip across the diamond command is respect even from the most noted base-purloiners.

Veteran southpaw Eric Remedios back in the Hawk line-up, will be keeping his old post at first while Tony Silva will be covering the keyhole. The only one who "Cuscut" Souza whose rifle-like whip across the diamond command is respect even from the most noted base-purloiners.

The picket line, main item in the Hawks' defence, will be covered by the slugging Remedios brothers, Gerry and Donald, at left and right with ten-buster Tony Rodrigues covering the area in centrefield. Valuable for this main game will be Robert Remedios, Mico Gaan, Iemine Ba reno and Eddie Remedios.

Big guns from this fast-moving outfit will come from the batteries of Joey Graen, Gerry Remedios, Mar us Souza, Tony Rodrigues and Eric Remedios. If the Hawk side manages to solve the lightning pitches of opposing hurler Wong, the batting department should snatch the win over to

their squad in tomorrow's thriller.

Playing a second-string role in tomorrow's fixtures, the Braves, after a long lay-off, will be up in full strength when they take on Uncle Sam's Navy, probably represented by the USS Spangler, elsewhere.

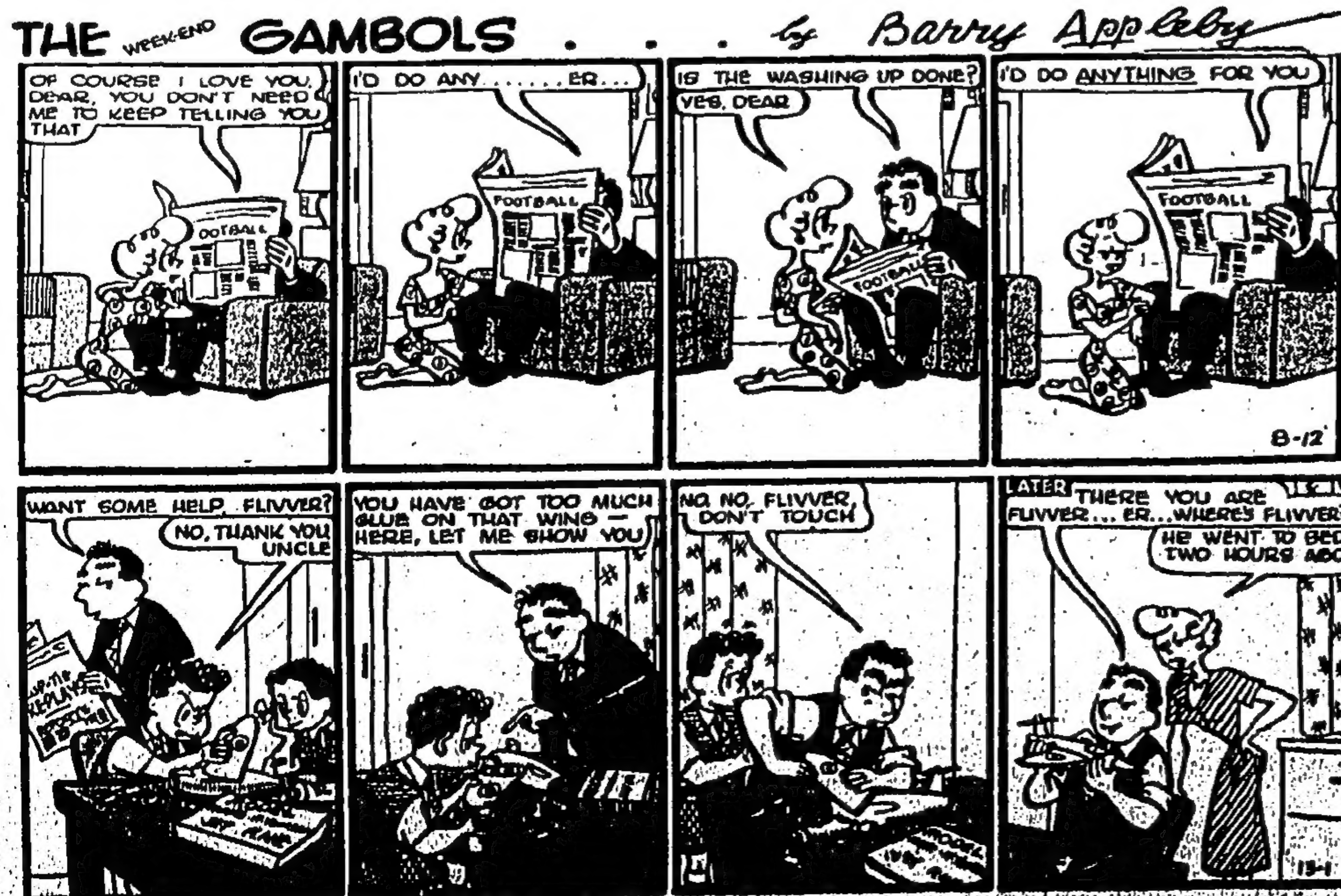
QUITE A HEADACHE

This Navy nine has proven quite a headache to our local teams as pitcher Rasmussen's fireballs across the plate claimed many batters for their well-earned victories.

Starting off from the cellar, the sure-fire battery of Rasmussen and Morengo toiled diligently to bring the Navy out from that dark cold spot to land up in sixth place. However, with this year's potential Champions against them tomorrow, their string of successes should probably come to a halt.

Manager Ed Carvalho of the Braves will spare no quarters in this tussle and will be out in force to halt the Navy in their tracks. Shouldering the main burden of the Tribe's attack will be ace hurler Vic Pedruco on the slab with Reggie Mattos catching the flings.

A slam-bang affair is expected as "boom" guns from both sides will be punching out a series of long balls to keep fans glued to their seats.



LEARN YOUR CRICKET

CROSS-BAT HITS TO LEG

IN hitting the full pitch to leg, the left leg should move well out and over on to the line of the ball; the head should lead the body well forward on to this line over the bent left knee.

The ball will be met at the full stretch of the arms and hit mainly with the right hand. The stroke should be aimed in front of square leg, though the wider the ball, the more will it inevitably tend to travel behind the wicket.

The main reason the young batsman so often misses or mis-hits the full pitch to leg is that he tries to hit too hard and so falls to look at the ball.

He must keep balanced, keep his head still and, in making the stroke, think in terms of "quickness" and not of "effort."

Low full pitches on or near the leg stump should not be hit "cross-batted," but forced wide of mid-on with a straight bat. In hitting a long hop to leg the right foot will move well back, as in the back stroke, but it will open up so that it lands pointing to extra cover or mid-off; the left foot will move back naturally after it and land pointing nearly straight down the wicket so that the body is now almost fully open, with the lead over on the line of the ball.

Though the feet move back, the balance of head and body must be well forward.

The mechanism of the stroke will be the same as that already analysed for hitting the full pitch to leg, and there must be the same emphasis on body balance and on speed rather than on effort at hitting.

The most common reason these balls are so often mis-hit or missed is that the batsman hits too hard and too late and fails to look at the ball.

Keep your balance forward; meet the ball well in front of you.



Hitting long hop to leg.
Right foot well back and just outside line of ball.

The hook is the name commonly given to the stroke by which a short ball on the wicket, or even to the off-side of it, is hit round to the outside with a cross bat.

Right across

To hook effectively, it is essential that the right foot should be carried so far across the wicket that the head, and body are just outside the line of the ball.

This really turns it into a short ball to leg which can be dealt with exactly as already described.

But the hook is a dangerous stroke for any but experienced players and most boys will be well-advised to use the much safer forcing back stroke with a straight bat.

Taken from "Cricket—How to Play," produced for the M.C.C. and published by Educational Institutions, Ltd.

Olympics A Contest Of Individuals, Not Nations Says Brundage

Just five weeks before the Olympics begin, with the Winter sports in Italy, the International Olympic Committee has come out with a forthright reminder on the purpose of the Games.

This is that "The Olympic Games are a contest between individuals and not a means of measuring the political or social conditions in different countries."

An official statement from the Committee has been distributed to all national Olympic committees. This idea must be abandoned immediately, declares Brundage.

It follows the attitude taken by the United States and Russian sports writers who have been giving the impression that the Olympic Games are a battle between nations.

FALSE IMPRESSION

With this false impression in mind the Russians, competing for the first time, are putting forward a record number of competitors for the Winter sports Championships—145.

Not to be outdone, the United States are sending 120.

Mr Avery Brundage, President of the International Olympic Committee, states that although it has been pointed out on numerous occasions that the Olympic Games are a contest between individuals from any country, several nations still fail to understand what this really means.

Reports from various countries continue to cite Olympic

performances as a measure of political or social conditions.

This idea must be abandoned immediately, declares Brundage.

"The Olympics are a contest between individuals. The Games are not and must not become a contest between nations which would be contrary to the Olympic spirit and would surely lead to disaster."

"Normal national pride is perfectly legitimate but neither the Olympic Games nor any other sporting contest can indicate superiority of one political system over another."

"The International Olympic Committee resents attempts to use the Games as a political instrument or to pit one country against another."

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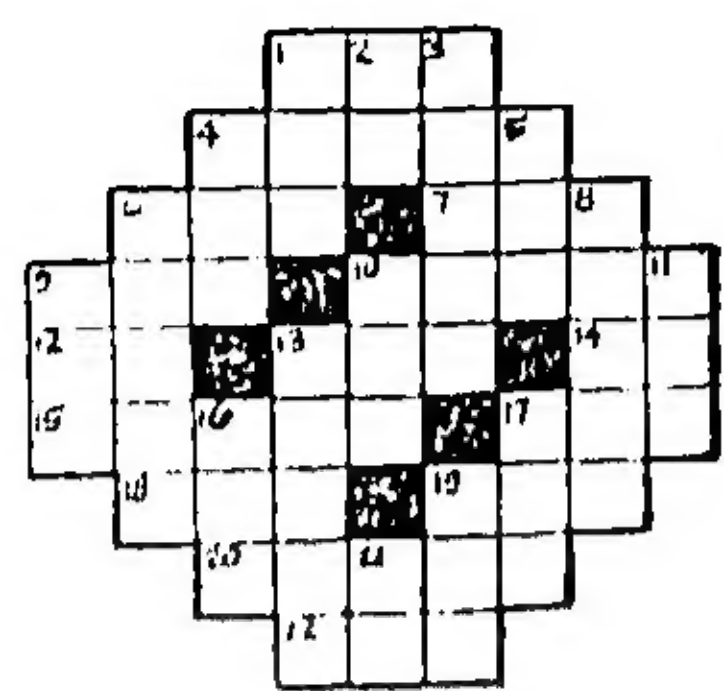


FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Short sleep
2. Supper
3. The fluid
4. The ...
5. As it is as boy
6. The ...
12. Either
13. Relative (3-1)
14. Chase
15. Hoped
16. Wager
18. Negative word
19. He ...
20. Wears
21. Upper limb

DOWN

1. Clump
2. Antile
3. Hazard
4. Fanny
5. Put on
6. European dish
8. Doctrine
9. Spanish toy
10. Conducted
11. Gave
13. Nodules
14. Land parcel
17. Waxed
19. Dress (3-1)
21. Railroad (3-1)

TRIANGLE

ALMANAC provides a base for today's word triangle. The second word is "a boy's nickname"; third "upper limb"; fourth "a girl's name"; fifth "a boy's name"; and sixth "an armed foot". Finish the triangle:

A
L
M
A
N
A
C

STATE SQUARE

The puzzlerman has hidden six American states in this square, but says you can find them easily if you find the right starting point and then read each letter either up, down, forward, or backward (not diagonally):

P	O	I	O	C	O
E	N	H	O	L	H
S	N	O	R	A	A
Y	L	V	A	D	D
L	A	C	N	O	I
I	F	A	I	I	N
R	O	W	I	S	N
N	I	A	S	C	O

(Solutions on Page 20)

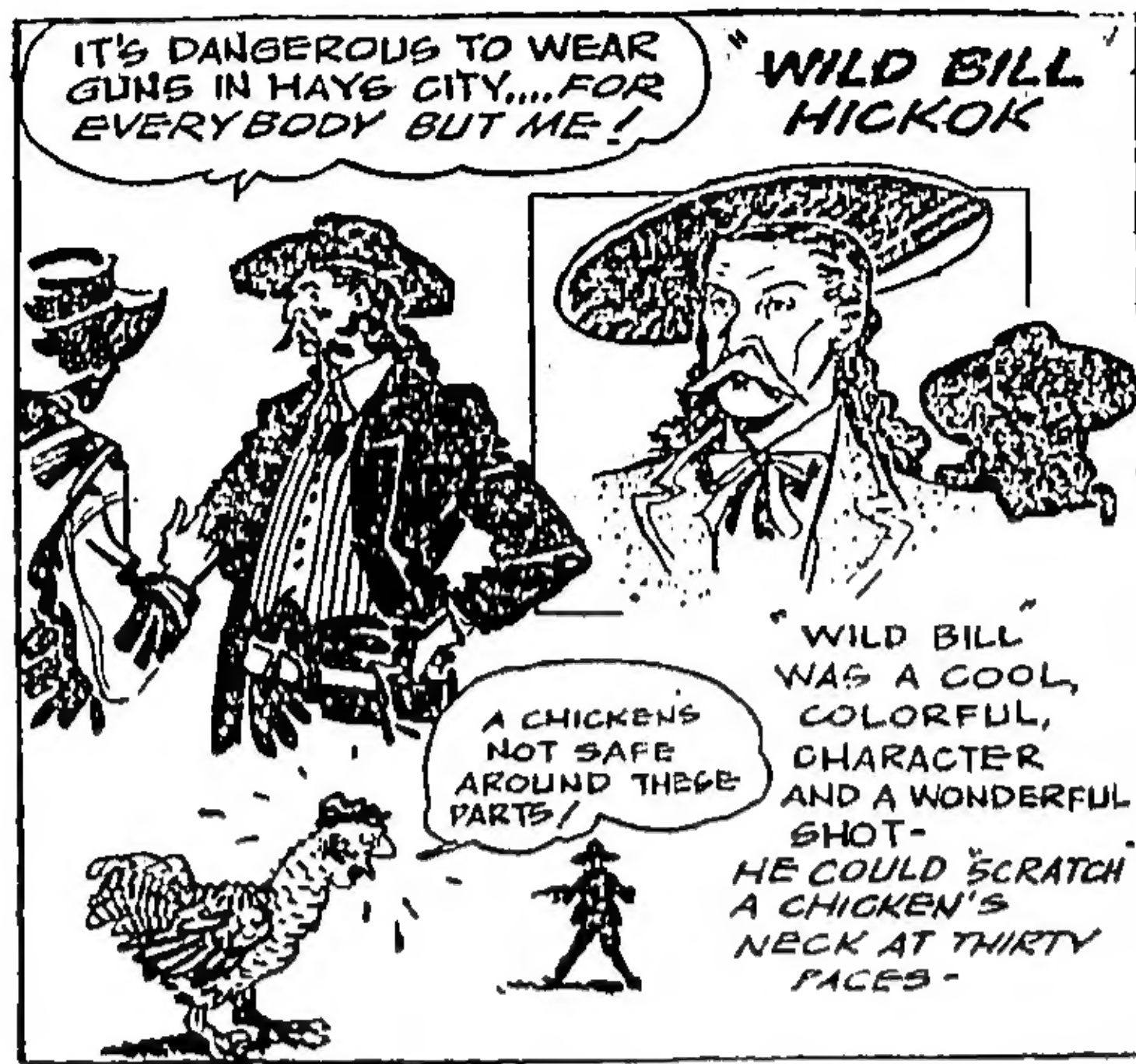
He Invented West's Tricks Of The Trade

OPINION is equally divided whether James Butler (Wild Bill) Hickok was a courageous and righteous man, or as bad as some of the desperadoes he put out of business. But the fact that Wild Bill was one of the biggest reasons why law and order came to the West, tips the balance in favour of him being a good man.

In Wild Bill's footsteps came Wyatt Earp, Bat Masterson, Pat Garrett, and many other famous law officers, but Wild Bill laid down the rules they followed. Wild Bill invented the tricks of the trade.

Nearly every writer of cowboy stories has used the trick of having the hero look past the villain's shoulder while the bad man held a gun. "Don't shoot him!" says the hero, and the villain turns to face his new adversary. At once the hero puts the villain out of action and the reader laughs heartily because nobody was behind the villain at all.

On the basis of available records, Wild Bill Hickok pulled this trick first. It was against Bill Mulvey, a notorious gunman, at Hays City in 1869.



Mr Mulvey did not outlive the incident.

PEARL HANDLES

Cowboy artists have often pictured western gun slingers with two pearl-handled six-guns, one on each hip, with the holster securely tied down.

Wild Bill had them, pearl handles and all. The guns were the gift of Senator Henry Wilson (later Vice President under Grant), a reward to Bill after he

served as a guide for a government group in Kansas.

Wild Bill's methods of taming bad men could not be improved upon, but it took a man of courage to apply them.

Bill decided quite simply that guns were dangerous. He said that anybody who wore them in Hays City, and later in Abilene, would find himself in danger. And Wild Bill himself would be the danger.

The fact that Wild Bill was an extraordinarily good shot made it possible for him to enforce his rule against guns. It was said that Bill often made a great deal of spending money, possibly more than he made as a peace officer, by shooting at seemingly "impossible" targets.

POKER, ANYONE?

He could fire two guns, one in each hand, knocking spots out of playing cards tacked to telegraph poles on each side of him. Another feat was to cut a chicken's throat at 30 yards, without breaking its neck or touching its head or body.

And still another stunt was to drive the cork through the neck of a bottle with a bullet, without breaking the bottle neck. He could hit a dime nine times out of ten at a distance of 50 paces, firing with either hand.

Wild Bill shot from the hip, never from any standard pistol position. It was said his aim was as instinctive as pointing a finger.

While he won money betting on his shooting, he soon had to give up this activity, for he discovered that gambling caused disorder in Hays City. So he outlawed betting in order to make the town lawful, and cut his own salary in the process.

After that, when Bill shot at a target, the target was usually shooting back. The only time he ever missed was when he didn't try at all—and this was when Jack McCall shot him from behind in Deadwood in 1876.

—By Russ Winterbotham

Plant Log Made From An Empty Tin

FOR the pretty plant log shown on the right, you'll need a two-quart juice tin. With an opener, cut out one side for about a third of the diameter, leaving a half-inch at top and bottom.

Mix one-fourth powdered asbestos and three-fourths Portland cement or brick mortar, then add small amounts of cold water until mixture is well-dampened, but not wet. If water oozes up, add more asbestos.

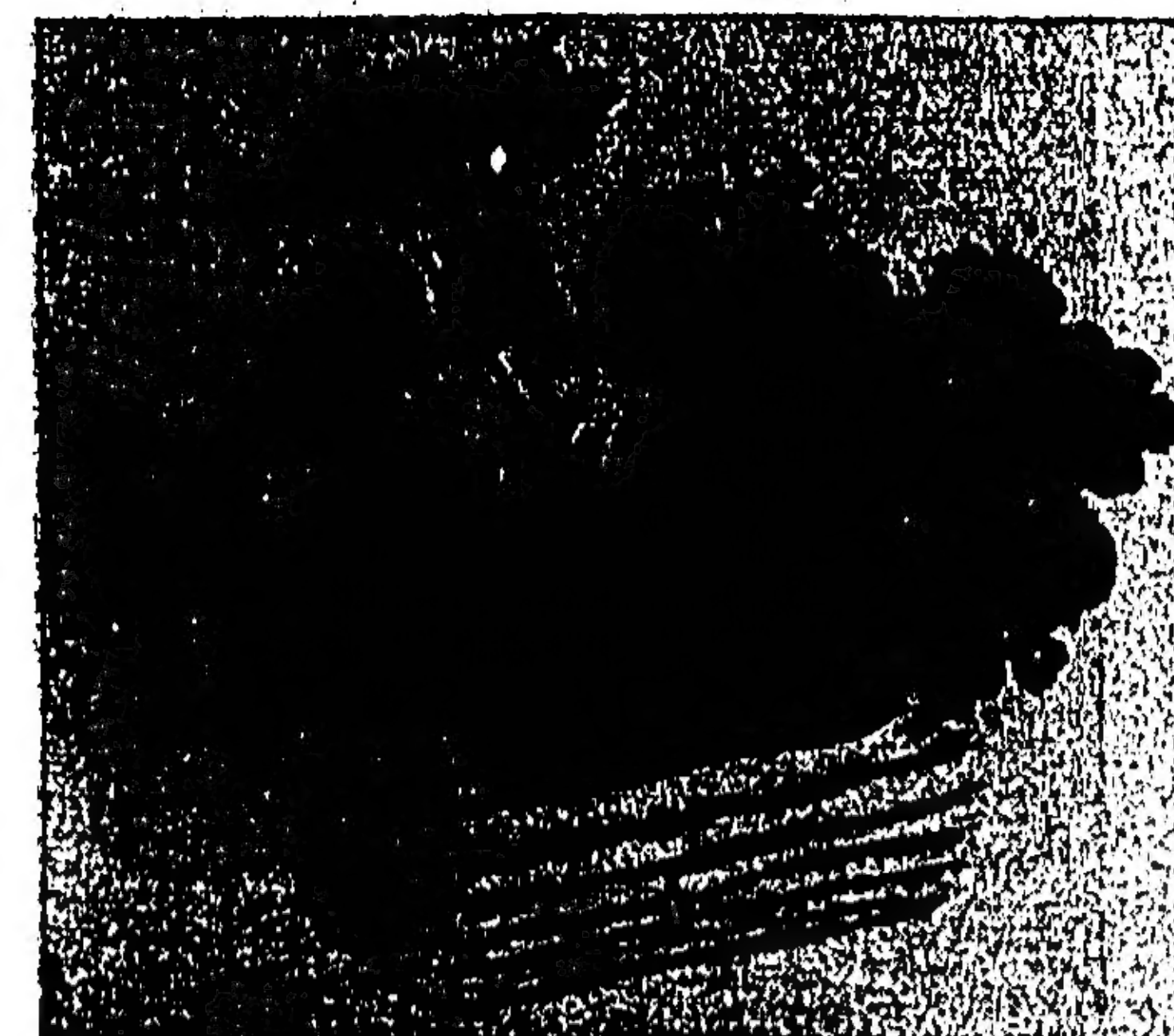
Cover outside of tin, spreading and patting mixture with spoon. Then force the covered tin down on a flat surface, to make it set level. Fill in at top where it has settled.



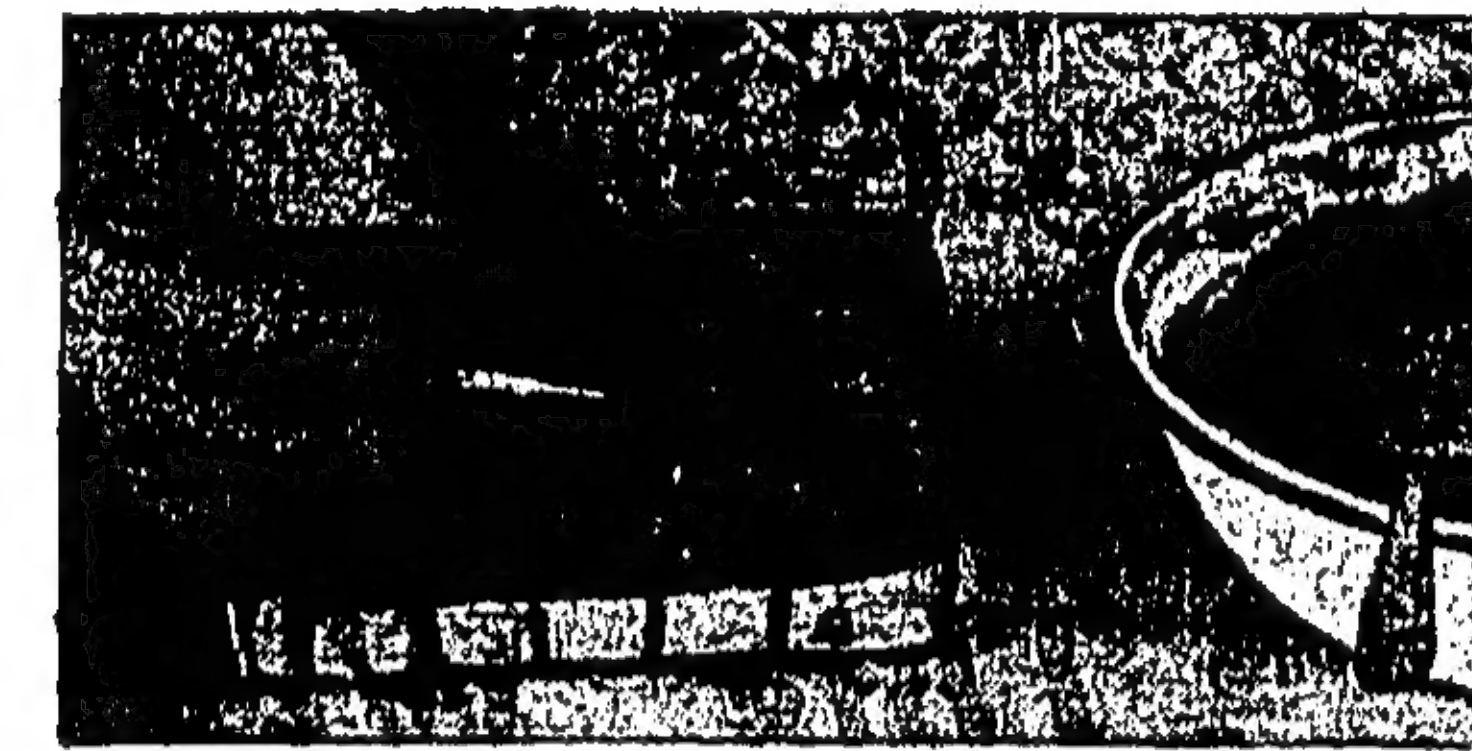
Leave the mixture quite rough-looking. Make bark lines with ice pick.

You can rub or brush on paint, lacquer or enamel, or you can leave the logs in the natural grey finish of the mixture.

You can use this cement and asbestos mixture to cover any old pan, kettle, or container you have, and dress pebbles, pieces of coloured glass or buttons in it.



Finished planter looks like carved-out log.



Ice pick marks bark lines on cement-covered tin.

Is There A West Pole?

—Skipper McGhilly insists That There Is—

By MAX TRELL

THIS is my old friend Skipper McGhilly! Shake hands with him," Mr Punch said to Knarf and Hanid, the shadow-children with the turned-about names, as they came into Mr Punch's private house behind the book shelves.

Skipper McGhilly was a short man with a square, black beard and extremely blue eyes. He wore a blue sea-captain's coat with brass buttons and a white cap.

"Please to meet you," Captain McGhilly said to Knarf and Hanid. They all shook hands.

A Sea Captain

"You're a sea captain, aren't you?" Knarf said to Skipper McGhilly.

"Aye," said Captain McGhilly. "There isn't an ocean I haven't sailed or a sea I haven't seen. I've been to the North Pole, the South Pole, the East Pole."

A worried look came over Mr Punch's face and he hurriedly leaned over and whispered something into Skipper McGhilly's ear. Skipper McGhilly listened for a moment, then nodded.

"I just happened to remember," he said to Knarf and Hanid, "that I only went to the North Pole and the South Pole. I'm told there isn't any East Pole, so I guess I never could have been to it."

Hanid said: "There isn't any West Pole, either, Captain McGhilly."

"Well," said Captain McGhilly, "you're wrong about that."

McGhilly is Positive

Here Mr Punch began shaking his head vigorously from side to side. Captain McGhilly paid no attention to him whatever.

"There may not be an East Pole, but as sure as there's a sun in the sky, there is a West Pole."

By this time, Mr Punch, Knarf, and Hanid and several other



Skipper McGhilly shook hands with Knarf.

folks who had come into Mr Punch's house, such as General Tin the Tin Soldier, Teddy the Stuffed Bear and Judy, who was Mr Punch's wife, all stood in a group shaking their heads as hard as they could.

"Avast!" roared Captain McGhilly. "I've been sailing the oceans and seeing the sun for more than fifty years. I know the West Pole when I see it. It's painted red with white stripes. McBee a little like a barber pole. It's on a little island about the size of a dining-room table right out in the middle of the Pacific Ocean!"

Captain McGhilly paced up and down angrily as he glared at all his listeners.

"And let me tell you this about the West Pole," he went on. "It's the only place where the catfish mew, and the dogfish bark and the lobsters stand on their hind legs and bow!"

"They do!" exclaimed Hanid.

"Aye," continued Captain McGhilly, "and it's the only place in the whole world where chickens have teeth and monkey wrenches climb trees and watermelons grow inside out."

An Extraordinary Place

"What an extraordinary place," said Judy.

"There's no other place like the West Pole," said Skipper McGhilly. "The top of the pole is cluttered with stars. The bees bring you honey and the spiders knit mittens."

Everyone now said that it would be wonderful to live near the West Pole.

"Aye," said Captain McGhilly, shaking his head, "that it would. But it isn't every ship that can get to the island where the West Pole stands. You need a ship made out of my wood, with sails woven of cloud and mist. The binnacle light has to be the North Star and the sailors have to be mice. But we can talk about it some day."

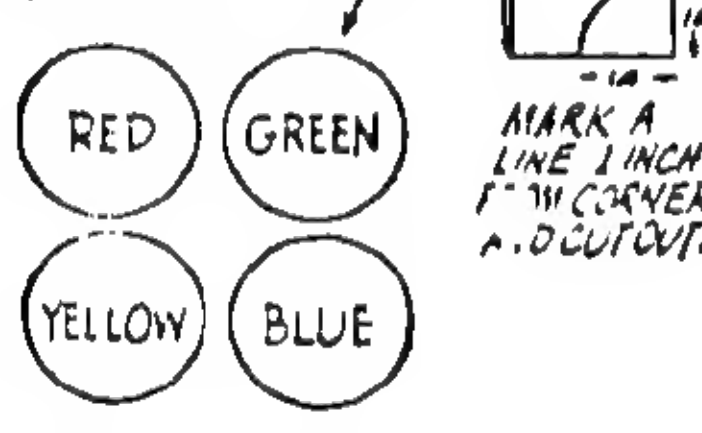
And that's what they did. They talked about the wonderful West Pole that only Skipper McGhilly had ever reached. They talked all the evening and all night.

HOW TO MAKE A MEMORY CHAIN

DAD WILL LIKE THIS MEMORY CHAIN AT CHRISTMAS.

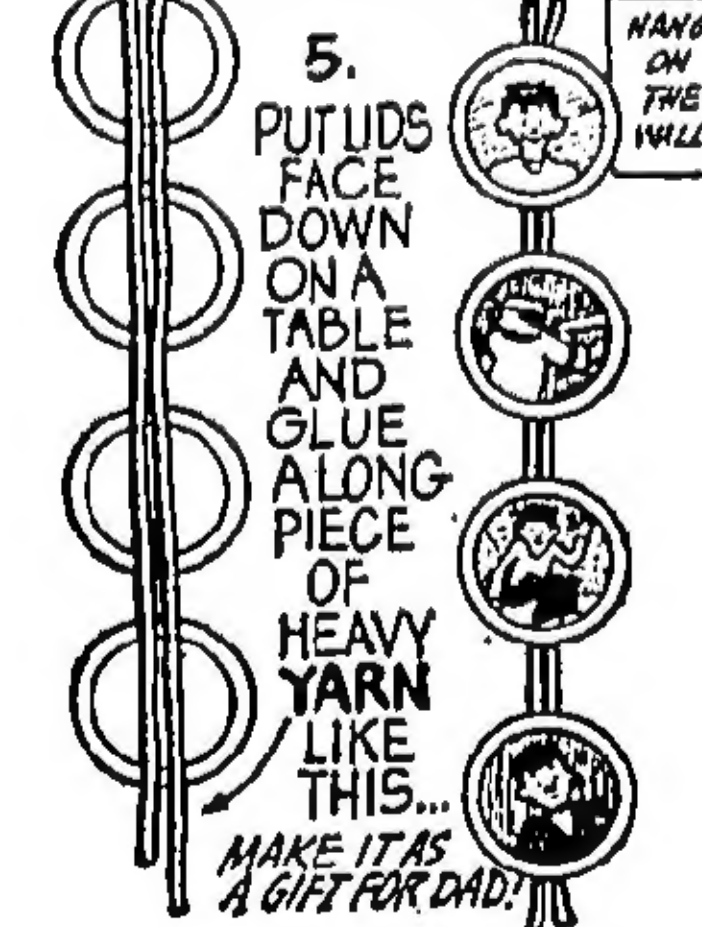
1. CUT A 2 INCH CIRCLE FROM PAPER LIKE THIS.

2. USE CIRCLE FOR A PATTERN AND CUT 4 MORE CIRCLES, EACH FROM A DIFFERENT COLORED PAPER.



3. GLUE THE COLORED CIRCLES TO THE CENTER OF 4 CLEAN SELF-SEALING JAR LIDS.

4. CUT OUT 4 SNAPSHOTS OF YOURSELF ABOUT 1 1/2 INCHES HIGH AND PASTE THEM TO CIRCLES.



5. PUT LIDS FACE DOWN ON A TABLE AND GLUE ALONG PIECE OF HEAVY YARN LIKE THIS. MAKE IT AS A GIFT FOR DAD!

CLEMENTINA FOUND A HOME AT LAST!

CLEMENTINA knew well enough that she was not a beautiful cat. In fact, the only pretty thing about her was her name and no one else knew that it was Clementina.

But that didn't matter too much. She knew it, because she had chosen it herself.

Clementina was an orphan and lived at a cat orphanage. There was nothing strange about that because all of the cats were orphans. They all hoped to be adopted by some kind family that would put out a large saucer of milk at night and have lots of mice in the basement.

That is, all but Clementina. She knew that she was too plain ever to be adopted. Folks who came to the orphanage always chose the prettiest cat in the place. Usually they took a kitten.

When the folks came Clementina used to hide under the lilac bush. It was too disappointing to stand there and have someone say, "I want a pretty cat. I'll take this yellow kitten."

One day she saw two cars drive up at the same time. So she dashed under the lilac bush, as usual.

A little boy and his parents stepped out of the



blue car. A little girl and her mother stepped out of the green car.

A small grey kitten was sitting on the porch.

Out of the green car leaped a big white dog. He ran after the grey kitten and almost caught it.

The caretaker ran to rescue the kitten, but

Clementina was there first. She jumped on the dog's back just as he was about to catch the kitten. The dog yelped and ran back to the car.

"I'm afraid we can't let you have one of our kittens," said the caretaker to the girl. "It wouldn't be safe with that dog."

Then he turned to the boy and asked, "Which one of our cats would you like? How about this pretty little grey kitten?"

The boy shook his head. "No," he said. "I want the cat that took after the dog. I like a pet with some spirit."

So he picked up Clementina and took her home.

There weren't many mice in the basement but she didn't mind that too much. Every night and every morning she had a saucer of milk that was half cream. And everyone in the family loved her just as much as if she had been beautiful.

She was so happy she didn't even mind when they named her Ginger. After all, a cat can't have everything.

—By Mabel Harmer

GAMES TO OCCUPY SPARE TIME

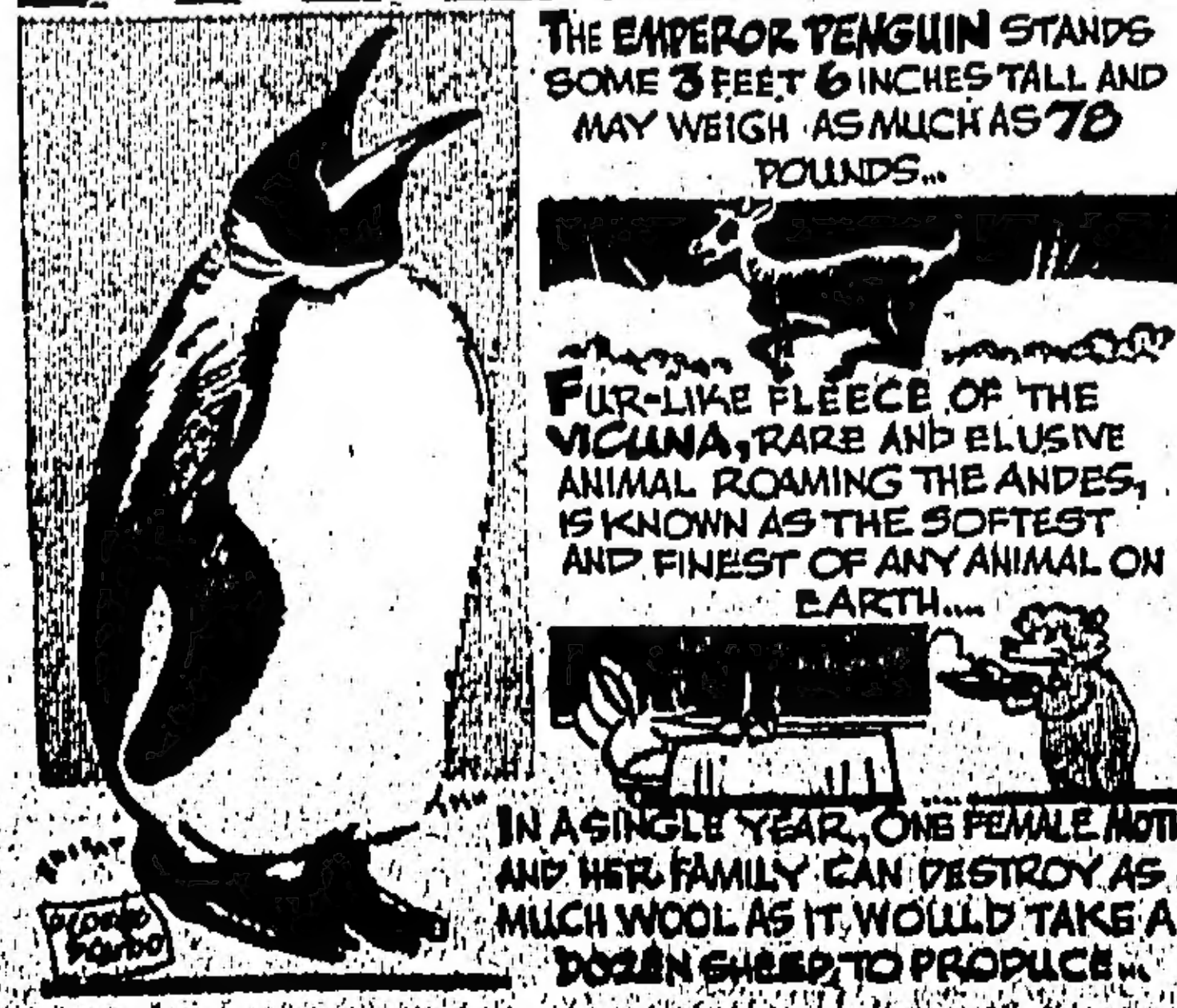
HOW are you on colours? Let's see.

In each statement below you are given three colours. Choose the correct colour. Underline it if you wish.

Count four points for each right answer. Try to get 100%, though a score of 20 or 80% is pretty good.

1. The sun is blue, green, yellow.
2. Loganberries are red, black, pink.
3. The American president's home is yellow, white, red.
4. The port light on a boat is red, white, green.
5. The starboard light on a boat is red, white, green.
6. A robin's egg is brown, blue, white.
7. A parship is orange, white, yellow.
8. Jet is cream, black, grey.
9. The light which means you can cross a street safely is green, yellow, red.
10. Most foliage is brown, yellow, green.
11. A peacock is blue, red, white.
12. An amethyst is purple, yellow, blue.
13. Seven of the stripes in the American flag are red, white, blue.
14. The other six stripes are red, white, blue.
15. An emerald is blue, green, yellow.
16. Ripe wheat is yellow, green, tan.
17. A ruby is red, yellow, blue.
18. The mountains of New Hampshire are named Blue, Green, White.
19. A coward is called white, yellow, green.
20. In the expression "with envy," the colour to use is yellow, purple, green.
21. In the expression "with fear," the colour to use is white, green, red.
22. In the expression "with cold," the colour to use is white, blue, red.
23. In the expression "with embarrassment," the colour to use is white, red, blue.
24. The colour used for a baby's skin is blue, grey, pink.
25. The colour used for a baby's hair is blue, brown, black.

400,000 WHO



THE EMPEROR PENGUIN STANDS SOME 3 FEET 6 INCHES TALL AND MAY WEIGH AS MUCH AS 75 POUNDS...

FUR-LIKE FLEECE OF THE VICUNA, RARE AND ELUSIVE ANIMAL ROAMING THE ANDES, IS KNOWN AS THE SOFTEST AND FINEST OF ANY ANIMAL ON EARTH...

IN A SINGLE YEAR, ONE FEMALE WOLF AND HER FAMILY CAN DESTROY AS MUCH WOOL AS IT WOULD TAKE A DOZEN SHEEP TO PRODUCE...

YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

SATURDAY, JANUARY 7

BORN today, you have personal magnetism, managerial ability and the power to lead others. You have a sincere desire to get at the truth and will leave no stone unturned in your search for the exact facts. You would make a good jurist, investigator, reporter or detective. Since you also have dramatic talents and the power to use words, you probably would do well in literature, drama or on the stage, screen, radio or television. But, no matter what your sphere of activity, you will utilize the power to dramatize your life.

Early in life you have learned that diplomacy and tact will go a long way toward getting what you want. Hence you will utilize all these more-subtle weapons before resorting to force.

You are quick to anger when crossed and must learn to control your temper or you may get into considerable trouble throughout your life. Since your emotions are near the surface, you will be happiest if you vent only in life. Select someone you agree with your ideas and is willing to go along with you all the way, giving you devotion and loyalty under all circumstances. In return, you will give your share and exceptional happiness can be in store for you.

Among those born on this date are: Millard Fillmore, U.S. President; Mary E. Wilkins, author; James B. Angell, educator; H. R. Baughman, news analyst; Charles T. Llewellyn, noted clergyman; Zukor, producer, the Rev. T. Hewitt Talmadge, noted clergyman. To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 8

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Now you may safely embark upon that journey and results should be rewarding if it is a business trip.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—You may want to confer with your spiritual adviser over marriage plans. Follow his good advice.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Be very careful that yesterday's minor difference of opinion does not turn into a major quarrel.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—If you need medical treatment, there's no good to come from postponing your visit to the doctor.

Taurus (Apr. 21-May 21)—Attend church services, seek spiritual calm and ask for guidance in some needed solution.

GEMINI (May 22-June 22)—A social group at your church may ask for your help. Be gracious in offering your services.

BORN today, you are the type to do everything on a gigantic scale. You always think of things in terms of the finished product and dislike having to bother with detail work along the way. If you have a corps of workers who can be trusted to carry out your instructions, then all is well; otherwise, you may find that your best interests are being defeated. You are apt to find fault with those who do not come up to your expectations and you will be well advised to use tact and diplomacy in this direction if you are not to alienate friends and make enemies.

Strongly enough, for one who dislikes detail, you are one to plan ahead and map out your programme before you start. Then, well prepared to advance, you go ahead in a straight line without deviation from your goal in view. This can, of course, prove as much of a handicap as an advantage, for you could become so dogmatic and so systematic that you would spend all your time working out a plan—and then not have time to finish the job! Perfection is all right in its place, but to become too much the perfectionist can make others, as well as yourself, unhappy.

Among those born on this date are: General James Longstreet; Augustus Thomas, playwright; Nicholas Biddle, financier and banker; Lowell Mason, musician; Bailey Axton, actor.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, JANUARY 9

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Take your partner into your confidence in making new contacts, ignore rumours until you test them.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Be frank and open. Secret matters are not advised just now. You could get into difficulties.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—No need to "go to law" about it! Use practical common sense, plus patience and a little tact.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Special concentration on your studies is what will bring you near your goal these days. Be diligent.

Taurus (Apr. 21-May 21)—You might get some valuable information by attending a lecture on a subject in which you are interested.

GEMINI (May 22-June 22)—A good day for you to deal with those in authority who may have a say about the progress on your job.

CANCER (June 23-July 23)—Fine for all professional work. You can make important contacts which will prove very helpful.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—You may need to take care of things at home which you have been neglecting lately.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—If planning to spend the day out of town, get an early start and avoid the rush.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Be peacemaker in any argument which might come up either at home or on the job.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—Buy a piece of fine jewellery. You will get a good buy in precious stones if you do some shopping.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Even if you are visiting in a strange city, pay a visit to a house of worship and gain inspiration.

DARTWORDS

HAVE you a few moments in the midst of Christmas preparations to relax? Then try to solve this Dartwords puzzle. The first word is C O N F E S S I O N.

START HERE

1. The word may be an anagram of the word that precedes it.

2. It may be a synonym of the word that precedes it.

3. It may be found by adding one letter to, or subtracting one letter from, or changing one letter in the preceding word.

4. It may be associated with the preceding word in a saying, simile, metaphor, or association of ideas.

5. It may form with the preceding word a new word.

RULES

1. The word may be an anagram of the word that precedes it.

2. It may be a synonym of the word that precedes it.

3. It may be found by adding one letter to, or subtracting one letter from, or changing one letter in the preceding word.

4. It may be associated with the preceding word in a saying, simile, metaphor, or association of ideas.

5. It may form with the preceding word a new word.

This Funny World



McNaught Syndicate, Inc. © Collier's

• BY • THE • WAY •
by Beachcomber

THE description of a small orchestra is consisting of expert musicians "capable of playing any instrument as well as their own" gave me a vision of virtuosity at its peak.

I see a tall violinist leaning forward nonchalantly to scrape the 'cello with impatient bow. I see two small fellows, coming to blows over the same trem-

• JACOBY ON BRIDGE

Safety Play Saves Contract

NORTH		3	
♠ J 10 7 6 2			
♥ Q 8			
♦ Q 8			
♣ K Q 7 4			
WEST (D)	EAST		
♠ 9	♠ 5 4		
♥ A K 10 7 4 2	♥ J 8 5 3		
♦ K 9 4	♦ 10 7 6 2		
♣ 9 8 3	♣ A J 10		
SOUTH			
♠ A K Q 9 3			
♥ 9			
♦ A J 8 5			
♣ 6 5 2			
Neither side vul.			
West	North	East South	
1 ♠	2 ♠	2 ♠	
3 ♠	4 ♠	4 ♠	
5 ♠	6 ♠	6 ♠	
Opening lead—♥ K			

By OSWALD JACOBY

PUT yourself in the South seat and try not to notice the cards held by your opponents. How would you play today's hand at the eminently sound contract of four spades? For your information, look at the bidding. Then note that West takes the king of hearts and follows with the ace of hearts.

Naturally you trump the second heart. What next?

All right, you decide to draw trumps. Both opponents follow to the first trump. West discards a heart on the second round of trumps.

This time you really have to make your mind up. Which suit do you attack first, clubs or diamonds?

If you go after the clubs first, East takes the ace of clubs and returns the jack of clubs. West will eventually get in with the king of diamonds to lead another club, and down you go.

The correct play is to lead a diamond first. You lead a low diamond from your hand towards dummy's queen.

West must step up with the king of diamonds and return a club. East takes the ace of clubs and knocks out dummy's remaining club honour, but you can then cash the queen of diamonds, get to your hand with a trump, and cash the ace and jack of diamonds to discard both low clubs from the dummy. You can now ruff your own low club, assuring the contract.

This line of play is sure to work if West has either the king of diamonds or the ace of clubs as the necessary side strength for his opening bid of one heart. You are not worried about losing a diamond to East, for then West will surely have the ace of clubs, and you can lose only one club trick in that case.

Q—The bidding has been:
North: 1♥, 2♥, 3♥, 4♥, 5♥, 6♥, 7♥, 8♥, 9♥, 10♥, 11♥, 12♥, 13♥, 14♥, 15♥, 16♥, 17♥, 18♥, 19♥, 20♥, 21♥, 22♥, 23♥, 24♥, 25♥, 26♥, 27♥, 28♥, 29♥, 30♥, 31♥, 32♥, 33♥, 34♥, 35♥, 36♥, 37♥, 38♥, 39♥, 40♥, 41♥, 42♥, 43♥, 44♥, 45♥, 46♥, 47♥, 48♥, 49♥, 50♥, 51♥, 52♥, 53♥, 54♥, 55♥, 56♥, 57♥, 58♥, 59♥, 60♥, 61♥, 62♥, 63♥, 64♥, 65♥, 66♥, 67♥, 68♥, 69♥, 70♥, 71♥, 72♥, 73♥, 74♥, 75♥, 76♥, 77♥, 78♥, 79♥, 80♥, 81♥, 82♥, 83♥, 84♥, 85♥, 86♥, 87♥, 88♥, 89♥, 90♥, 91♥, 92♥, 93♥, 94♥, 95♥, 96♥, 97♥, 98♥, 99♥, 100♥.

And if dance-band leader Victor Silvester suggested it, the Bank of England would probably turn early enough to let him run Baker Street branch. For no city financier ever created a bigger business out of a simpler formula. In fact, Mr. Silvester is considered by some to be, in city terms, the most successful corn merchant of all time.

STRICT TEMPO

He himself does not take that cynical view of his strict-tempo industry. "I hate talking about myself," he said, "with no obvious reluctance. You know I say it myself. It is good music to dance to. Melody and a beat. Put them together and you have nice music for dancing. That is what people want and what I try to give them."

Without the slightest variation and without betraying any sign of boring himself frantic with repetition, that is exactly what Victor Silvester has been giving people for the past 21 years.

He began to recite to me, in strict tempo, the statistics of his unwavering and unique career in the dance band field. Main-taining a fast, rhythmic, I noted the figures down.

Since 1934, when he began recording for Columbia, 22 million records sold, over a million a year; probably Bing Crosby is his only competitor in the realm of historical best-selling.

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NEW RECORDS by KENNETH ALLSOP

THE WORLD WANTS
POM-TIDDLY-POM

WE were talking casually in millions... about export earnings with tails of thoughts as long as a kite's... about output and, especially, about input.

The man across the desk had silvering hair, bronzed face, expensively reticent suit, and a genial air of unblinking prosperity. There was the sensation of being as snug as a bond in a strongbox in that small room with the temple-like tranquillity of a Bank of England vault.

And if dance-band leader Victor Silvester suggested it, the Bank of England would probably turn early enough to let him run Baker Street branch. For no city financier ever created a bigger business out of a simpler formula. In fact, Mr. Silvester is considered by some to be, in city terms, the most successful corn merchant of all time.

STRICT TEMPO

He himself does not take that cynical view of his strict-tempo industry. "I hate talking about myself," he said, "with no obvious reluctance. You know I say it myself. It is good music to dance to. Melody and a beat. Put them together and you have nice music for dancing. That is what people want and what I try to give them."

Without the slightest variation and without betraying any sign of boring himself frantic with repetition, that is exactly what Victor Silvester has been giving people for the past 21 years.

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